The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1929 NUMBER 765

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The Week

IT IS a piece of bitter irony that the Kellogg Pact should come into effect at the moment when there is more danger of a war between two important powers than at any other time in recent years. China and Russia both signed the Pact, and have both since declared that they will be mindful of the promise they then made. Yet no one assumes that in a real crisis they will be restrained by this tenuous moral obligation. If war is prevented, it will be because neither side wants to fight or can afford to, and because the Great Powers are able to bring compelling pressure upon them to accept arbitration or conciliation. There is nothing in this, however, to cause anyone to despair of the Kellogg Pact. Realistic commentators have noted from the beginning that the Pact was hardly more than the expression of a pious aspiration, which would have value only as it received the whole-hearted support of governments and peoples. Such support the world is not yet ready to give; but if the Pact survives at all—if it is not so completely disregarded as to become a mere scrap of paper—its very existence will help to move the public opinion of the world in the right direction. To some extent the moral landscape has been altered; the militarists are now for the first time a little on the defensive, whereas always in the past those who wanted peace were in that position. That is a clear gain, and we should be grateful for it.

FOR many months France has been hanging back, reluctant to ratify the Mellon-Berenger agreement for paying the War debts. Finally, after a bitter struggle, in which there were enlisted in favor of ratification the united power and persuasion of Poincaré and Briand, the Chamber sanctioned the agreement by a margin of only eight votes. The immediate occasion of ratification was the fact that if it had not been passed at this time, France would have had to pay cash for the four hundred million dollars' worth of materials bought from the United States after the War, instead of funding the sum with the remainder of the debt. But France had accumulated in this country the credits with which to meet this charge, if necessary. The real reason for ratification was that it was an essential preliminary to the inauguration of the Young plan. The two things logically hang together; France could not have repudiated her debt without inviting Germany to repudiate hers. And the Young plan is so favorable to France that Poincaré would do anything rather than endanger its adoption. For as soon as it goes into effect the unpostponable part of the annuities will probably be commercialized by a bond issue and the lion's share of the proceeds will be handed over to France.

FRENCH ratification of the Mellon-Berenger agreement should not, however, blind us to the fact that we are dealing with a highly dissatisfied debtor, and that further revision downward will, in all probability, be both economically and politically necessary. It is firmly fixed in the French mind, as indeed it is implied in the Young plan, that France's share of the unpostponable annuities is to be applied to payment for internal war damage and reconstruction, and that the postponable payments from Ger-

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many are to cover the French obligations to the United States and Great Britain. Indeed, the final struggle in the French Chamber over ratification of the settlement with this country centered about the effort to insert in the agreement a reservation to the effect that France would pay us only if, as and when Germany should pay her. This reservation would have had virtually unanimous support if the United States would have accepted it; it was kept out only because of the refusal of our government to consider such a thing. Nevertheless, it will be embodied in a separate act. Whether Germany can pay the postponable annuities is highly dubious. If she cannot do so, we shall without any question be involved in another dispute with France over debt payments—unless in the meantime our government changes its attitude.

THE spectacle of tariff revision by the Republican party in the United States sometimes seems an amusing example of the utter irrelevance of intelligence to political processes. While the economists go on proving, as has been proved hundreds of times before, with detailed figures and cases, that the vast majority of farmers can gain nothing by the tariff but will only lose from it, the farmers' representatives keep on lobbying for higher duties and thus permitting manufacturers to receive higher duties in turn. Although perhaps a hundred authoritative books and articles have been published within the past few years showing beyond the possibility of doubt that, with a few minor exceptions, "high wages" in America are due, not to protection but to other causes—and though some of the most cogent of the analyses of high wages were issued by the Department of Commerce under Herbert Hoover—Republican Senators like Shortridge of California go on repeating the toothless and aged buncombe about protecting American wages, and are strongly supported by the more fat-headed of the labor leaders. If there were any considerable doubt or difference of opinion among the scholars competent to judge of such matters, the case would be different, but economists of all schools and shades of thought are nearly unanimous on the main points of their analysis of this situation. Indeed, the facts and the logic are so inescapable that they would not seem to require a skilled mind for appreciation. There are a few signs that they have made headway with the general public, and though the regular Republican Senators would naturally be the last to be influenced by reason, it is barely possible that even they will consent to some downward modification of the outrageous Hawley bill.

THE REPORT THAT Samuel Insull, the electric-power magnate, is buying control of New England textile mills will cause a good deal of comment, since Mr. Insull has hitherto been extraordinarily single-minded in his search of profit, and the New England mills have popularly been supposed to be moribund, if not already dead. Possibly Mr. Insull is looking for an assured outlet for the great supplies of power which his companies are building up in the Northeast. But an idle mill cannot use power, and it would be foolish to make money on the power only to lose it in order to keep factories running to consume the power. The fact is that certain New England textile mills have consistently made excellent profits and are not in the slightest danger of disappearing. The trouble with the industry has been, not so much in its geographical location as in its management, its equipment, its general stagnation of mind and morale. Possibly intelligent engineering management such as Mr. Insull might be expected to install, plus adequate financing of a large enough merger, would turn many losing ventures into profitable ones. It may be that in the bargain prices for which New England textile properties may now be obtained there lies the basis of another fortune for anyone competent to run them.

JUDGE FREDERICK WALTHER, of the Court of Common Pleas of Cuyahoga County, Ohio, recently issued an extraordinary injunction. He forbade the sheriff to interfere with a race track meeting at which a "contribution" system of betting was to be used, adding to his order the words "if the same [the contribution system] be not in violation of the laws of Ohio." The sheriff went ahead, made a number of arrests at the race track, and forced the closing of the meet. The Cleveland Press, a Scripps-Howard newspaper, strongly criticised the action of Judge Walther, and for this the judge held its editor and chief editorial writer, Louis B. Seltzer and Carlton K. Matson, in contempt of court, and sentenced each of them to thirty days in jail and a fine of $500. Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War, represented the defendants in the hearing, and made a stirring plea for freedom of the press. The case, we are glad to note, will be carried to the higher courts, and there seems a good chance that the ruling of Judge Walther will be overruled. There is a dangerous tendency at present for courts to hold themselves superior to any sort of criticism, even that which is obviously motivated by the public good. Only too often, judges have held editors in contempt of court for criticising acts which are subsequently proved to have been unwise or improperly motivated. They also stretch the principle of contempt of court to absurd lengths in other cases, as when they hold labor union leaders in contempt for acts, not committed in the presence of the court, in violation of an injunction. On the face of the facts in the present case, the Cleveland Press would seem to have been well within its rights in commenting as it did on the actions of the judge; and if its editors finally have to serve their sentences and pay their fines, they will be martyrs, to this mild but certainly not negligible extent, in an excellent cause.

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THE AGITATION for a revision of the present Gregorian calendar seems to be coming to a head. A National Committee, headed by Mr. George Eastman, was formed in 1928 in response to a request by the Calendar Simplification Committee of the League of Nations; and this National Committee is making an effort to sound the country to determine just how strong is the sentiment in favor of the change. The reform provides for a year of thirteen equal months of twenty-eight days, the three hundred and sixty-fifth day to be dated December 29 and the extra month to be called "Sol" (from Solstice). The advantages of such a calendar, to business, to science, and to all of us who make calculations on blotters and count on our fingers to determine whether the fifteenth of the month falls on Thursday or Monday, are obvious. Oddly enough, the real controversy over the matter will develop, we venture to predict, when it becomes generally known that the new calendar will present us with one new unclassified day each year, and two on leap years. What to do with them? Shall they be Sundays, as the Church hopes? Or shall they be Reach-for-a-Sweet days, in honor of Senator Smoot? Or shall they be Own-a-Mortgage days, with recitations of President A. Lawrence Lowell's recent address before the realtor's convention in Boston?

THE advent of the talking movie, which has done so many things to the motion picture industry, has also had other repercussions. The Esperantists, whose cause has rather languished of late years, profess to be greatly cheered by the possibilities of their synthetic tongue as coupled to the silver sheet. They have just held a convention in New York, speakers at which professed to look forward confidently to a time when the blonde heroine will lisp her love against the sunset in liquid post-Latin monosyllables, and will be understood without fail by erudite Patagonians, Chinese and Swahili. It remains to be seen, however, whether the typical movie-goer in any country has brains enough to learn even the minimum three hundred words in any second language, when he speaks his own with such difficulty and inaccuracy. It is also a question whether, faced by such a difficulty, he would not prefer to go back to the silent screen with its universal pantomime: you don't need to study a Volapuk grammar in order to know why Charlie Chaplin tips his hat to a lamp post. If the speakies survive—and judging them by their present achievements, we hope they don't—it seems more likely that they will foist English upon the world, and thereby make for international understanding—or misunderstanding, according to your point of view. Possibly the dialect of English which they use will be one extremely irritating to the ears of our British critics—so irritating, in fact, that they will turn to speaking Russian or German in order to give Hollywood's European competitors the edge.

The Crisis in Manchuria

THE history of the Chinese Eastern Railway, and of the quarrel between China and Russia regarding it, is a long and complicated one.

The main line of the Trans-Siberian Railway makes a great bulge to the north as it approaches the Pacific, going around the border between Manchuria and Siberia, and then turning sharply south to reach Vladivostok. The Chinese Eastern Railway is a short-cut across Manchuria, from Chita to Vladivostok, which eliminates this great curve and thus saves many miles of travel. As originally constructed, it also had a branch running down to Port Arthur, but this part of the railway was ceded to Japan after the Russo-Japanese War, and is now the South Manchurian Railway. The Chinese Eastern Railway was constructed by Russia, acting through the Russo-Chinese Bank. It was agreed that after thirty-six years (or in 1939) China could buy the railway upon paying in full the capital investment plus interest and all outstanding obligations. It was further agreed that, if this option had not been taken up, the railway was to revert to China in eighty years, without payment.

The Chinese have always considered that the railway concession, extorted from them by the threat of Russia's superior force, constituted one link in the chain of injustices by the Great Powers which kept her bound and helpless for almost a century. After the Russian Revolution the Soviet government made itself highly popular in China, for the time being, when it agreed, in 1919, that the road should revert to China without any payment other than the capital expended. The Soviet government, did not, however, live up to the terms of this initial burst of generosity. By the agreement of 1924, Russia kept at least two fingers in the pie. It was then agreed that China was to participate in the operation of the railway, but only to a minor extent. The road was to have a board of directors half of whom were to be Russian, and the other half Chinese. The all-important post of manager was to be filled by a Russian, and of his two assistants, only one was to be Chinese. In August, 1927, of 21,000 employees of the railroad, only 6,000 were Chinese.

Since the agreement of 1924, relations between Russia and China have been successively very close, and so distant that it would almost be fair to speak of them as an armed truce. China, like Great Britain, France and other countries which have recognized Russia, has struggled with the question of Communist propaganda which, if not actually the work of agents of the Soviet government, has come from sources which interlock closely with it. On May 27 of this year, Chinese officials raided the Russian Consulate at Harbin and seized a mass of documents. According to an official statement of the Nanking government, these indicate that the Soviet Consulate was the headquarters for propaganda activities which violate the Sino-Russian

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agreement of 1924. The documents are now in the process of translation, and Nanking promises that they will be published. It is said that they reveal the creation of "assassination corps" for Nanking, Manchuria and other places, and a "secret army for the destruction of the Chinese Eastern Railway." There is said to be proof of the complicity of important Russian members of the staff of the Chinese Eastern Railway, the Soviet Merchant Marine, the Far Eastern Petroleum Syndicate and other Soviet commercial organizations. The Nanking government argues that it was justified, as a result of these disclosures, in arresting and deporting from Manchuria a large number of Russian railway officials and others. The Russians insist that this constitutes "seizure" of the railroad, and refuse to arbitrate their quarrel with China until the *status quo ante* has been restored. The Chinese maintain that their action does not constitute seizure.

Following the expulsion of the Russians from Manchuria, there came the train of events with which the daily press has been filled—the Soviet government's ultimatum of July 13, the Chinese reply of July 16, offering arbitration, and the crop of rumors, ominously like those with which so many wars have begun, of border clashes, the sudden appearance of impossibly large bodies of troops at impossibly remote places, and refugees fleeing to the sea-coast. Finally, Secretary Stimson, acting after consultation with M. Briand, since France and the United States initiated the Kellogg Pact, has reminded China and the Soviet government of their obligation as signatories of that treaty. Because of the Four-Power Treaty, he also notified England and Japan of the action which was being taken. On Monday of this week China made a formal reply repeating what her Foreign Minister had already said, that she would not be unmindful of her obligation under the Kellogg Pact. As we go to press, it is not certain whether Mr. Stimson's suggestion has been received in Moscow; the only official comment available there refers to M. Briand's offer of mediation, rejected by Russia until China restores the railroad to Soviet control.

The Kellogg Pact, it has been pointed out repeatedly, contains no machinery for its enforcement; but plenty of machinery exists for arbitration or conciliation if the disputants can be brought to use it. The League of Nations was created largely for the purpose of settling just such disputes as this; China is a member, and the Soviet government has in recent years shown an increasing tendency to make use of the facilities at Geneva. The important thing is not whether there is machinery, but what use will be made of it, and particularly, whether, through it, the Manchurian problem will be solved, or merely postponed. The prevention of hostilities on a wide scale is undoubtedly of first importance; but only second to it is a realistic grasp of the situation in the Far East out of which the present crisis has arisen.

The two articles by Mr. Peffer, of which the second appears in this issue of The New Republic, afford an important clue to the nature of the dispute. China is determined, as he points out, to free herself from the unjust obligations forced upon her in the past by the Great Powers at the point of the bayonet. To be sure, the Nanking government is opportunist, as every weak and struggling revolutionary government is bound to be. It may have been actuated in part in its recent action by the fact that the Chinese Eastern Railway earns a handsome annual profit: the nationalists are desperately in need of funds. No doubt, also, it wishes to establish a precedent which may some day force Japan to relax her grip on the South Manchurian system. China may have acted in the expectation that she would be compelled to yield part of what she has seized, but with the hope that her position will still be better than before. It is even possible that the aggressive move against Russia is a *tour de force*, intended to divert the attention of the Chinese public from pressing problems closer at hand.

The Soviet government, also, is opportunist. Its legal claim to continued control of the railway is good; but the leaders in Moscow are well aware that legal claims have never counted for much in the Orient, and do not today. There are large numbers of anti-Soviet White Russians in Manchuria, and Moscow fears the threat of a combination between them and the Chinese—or even the increase in their aggressiveness which would result from the withdrawal of Soviet influence in Manchuria. Japan's interest in the province is already strong and would probably be still stronger if the Russians were forced out. Finally, Moscow has the same interest in retaining control of the Chinese Eastern that the Tsar had in building it—the commercial advantages of a line running through a rich and fertile area, and one capable, under normal conditions, of earning large sums.

The attitude of the foreign powers is to some extent dictated by their own interest in China, and therein lies a danger for the proposed arbitration of the dispute. Of all possible paradoxes, one of the oddest is that the Soviet government should be found playing the role of guardian of property rights embodied in treaties which have been forced upon China in the past, against her will. Japan, in particular, has been quick to suggest that, before any arbitration can begin, China must restore to Russia the property she is alleged to have seized. Otherwise, the Japanese think—and quite correctly—a dangerous precedent will be created against the time when the Chinese may elect to proceed against Japan's Manchurian interests. Yet it would be a calamity if the arbitration or conciliation which Mr. Stimson proposes were merely to result in putting things back where they were. The Manchurian question, and every other aspect of the relations between China and the rest of the world, can only be finally solved on a basis of justice for the Chinese. Russia in the past has gone further than any other power in giving formal recognition to this principle.

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When the time comes, we hope she will not permit the persuasions of expediency, or the bitterness left by the failure of the Communist campaign in China, to make her a cat's-paw for a type of capitalistic imperialism which she ought to be the first to repudiate.

The Wickersham Letter

THE EMBARRASSMENT which must confront any administration attempting to take prohibition seriously was illustrated by the reception of Mr. Wickersham's letter addressed to Mr. Roosevelt for transmission to the assembled governors at New London. Mr. Wickersham is a man of conscience, and is plain-spoken. The President had asked him to inquire into the administration of justice, and to make suggestions for better enforcement of the laws. Naturally, among the subjects which first engaged his attention was the state of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. In his plain, blunt way, he supposed something was called for under this head. That was his first great mistake. His second was to assume that, whatever his personal opinion of prohibition might be, his task was to devise some practical means of making it easier to enforce the dry laws. What more sensible one than a division of function between the federal and state governments, under their concurrent jurisdiction? Let the national government devote itself to preventing the importation, manufacture and interstate transportation of intoxicating beverages. Let the states concentrate on preventing their sale, closing up saloons and speakeasies, dealing with the corner bootlegger. Thus the federal government would be performing the duties which, of their very nature, demand national action, and the state governments would be utilizing their energies in the more local police work, to which they are best adapted. Such division of functions has been hammered out in a hundred varied activities of our federated system. Very logical! And very naive!

For though the governors differed so intensely on the question of prohibition that they ruled out formal action on Mr. Wickersham's letter as a "controversial matter," they were in fact, wet and dry alike, all but unanimously opposed to his suggestion. Apparently the controversy lay, not in any disagreement concerning his proposal, but in the reasons behind the agreement. It would not look too well to have them on the record for comparison. The dry governors resented any suggestion that the prohibition laws are not being enforced. They thought of the Volstead Act, not as a crude instrument which might be improved, but as a sacred Ark not to be profaned by the hand of "modification," even if that hand aimed to extend its effectiveness. At least, that was the main import of what they said. Privately, many of them were doubtless afraid of being made so clearly responsible for the enforcement of any one aspect of the law that they could not make the federal government a scapegoat for its obvious failures. On this issue, the most militantly southern of the governors cheerfully renounced states' rights: a state's right to do its own dry enforcing is not so much a right as an unenviable duty. The wet governors naturally resented the implication of the Wickersham letter that it was an obligation of theirs to help the federal government out of the hole. Their states didn't like prohibition anyway. Why should they relieve the central power of the ignominy it was achieving by the failures and corruptions of enforcement? Would Wisconsin, New York, Maryland, Massachusetts, *et al.* conceivably pass and carry out rigid local enforcement acts? It was not to be thought of. No governor of any one of these states who was caught countenancing such a suggestion could hope for further support from his electorate. Neither the political drys nor the political wets believe prohibition can be enforced. The salvation of the first is to invest the existing law in a mystical aura of beatitude which removes it as far as possible from reality. The salvation of the second is to have nothing to do with it. Mr. Wickersham's intrusion into this truce of deception with a rude proposal to do something was like the swoop of a hawk into a chicken yard, and set up the same cackle of fright.

As for the non-governors, the convinced and militant drys who, as a result of the incident, attacked Mr. Wickersham's fitness to head the Hoover Commission on the administration of justice, their position is clear enough, and, in a limited way, more sensible than his. The plain fact is that, whatever the theory of concurrent jurisdiction, no state can be relied upon to enforce any law which a large percentage of its population resent and repudiate. To suggest that an essential part of prohibition enforcement be turned over exclusively to the states is, in effect, to suggest that the federal government connive at disobedience of the Volstead Act in those numerous and populous states which are, either in theory or practice, or both, wet. Such disobedience already exists, to be sure, but the militant and convinced drys cherish the hope that they can use the federal government to wipe it out. They have the same philosophy of American politics as those enthusiasts who, after the Civil War, relied upon the federal government to enforce full obedience to the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments in the southern states. If they fail, the cause of prohibition is lost, at least in large sections of the country. If the coercive power of the national government cannot enforce prohibition on unwilling populations, there is nothing which can do so. Mr. Wickersham's suggestion, however honestly intended, would certainly be fatal to their cause.

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It is perhaps fortunate that these responses have once more cleared the air, and have reëmphasized the real prohibition issue. In respect to prohibition we are not, as we are in respect to the laws against murder and theft and arson and robbery, a united nation, in which all governmental divisions and subdivisions may be expected to express the sense of the community in coöperating against conceded crimes and misdemeanors. We are a divided nation, within which one part may enforce its will on the other, if at all, only through control of the power of the central government. It makes little difference whether the prohibitionists are or are not in a majority—their policy is essentially the policy of conquest. They regard the Constitution, not as an organic law on which must be built, by experiment and adaptation, a practical structure of self-government, but as a sacred and inflexible instrument of such police law as they see fit to put into it.

At present, the outlook is that they will be able to keep the Constitution and the law as they want it, but they will not be able to force the government to do their will in practice. It may be that no national administration can be elected which does not do lip-service to their cause, but it is equally true that no national administration which has not gone mad will pay the price of a genuine effort at universal and rigid enforcement, either in money or in prestige. If Mr. Hoover's Commission is discerning enough and honest enough and courageous enough, it will report to that effect. Laws which cannot be enforced by such a method as Mr. Wickersham suggested are simply laws which cannot be enforced. The only alternative to saying so is to keep on pretending that we are going to enforce the law, and not doing it.

The Fight against Opium

THE statement, by the Venezuelan member of the Council of the League of Nations, that the League is not satisfactorily accomplishing the limitation of manufacture of opium and other habit-forming drugs, and the announcement by Congressman Porter that he plans to introduce a bill in the House which would put all drug enforcement in the hands of a special Commissioner in the Treasury Department, has focused attention on the present status of the drug problem, in the United States and abroad. The situation was further enlivened, recently, by a thinly veiled attack upon Porter's policy of non-coöperation with foreign countries in an interview with Congressman Hamilton Fish which appeared in the Washington newspapers.

Enforcement in this country is simplified by the fact that there is no drug manufacture in excess of legitimate national requirements, our export of these materials being negligible. Most of our troubles arise from smuggled goods. Both the Hague Convention of 1912 and the Second Geneva Convention of 1925 bind the producing countries to manufacture only for medical or scientific needs, an obligation which any country can fulfill, given the will to scrutinize rigidly orders for the export market. The United States and Great Britain are doing quite well in this respect; but certain of the eight or nine manufacturing countries are hiding behind the statement that the obligation of both treaties is indefinite, and that if orders for drugs have all the earmarks of regularity, including proper certificates from the competent authorities of importing countries, *they* cannot be blamed if the drugs find their way into illicit traffic.

The criticism of the Venezuelan member of the Council of the League is only partly well founded, for much of what progress has been attained is due directly to a few of the members of the League's Opium Advisory Committee. This Committee is hopeful as to future results, basing its optimism upon the fact that the Geneva Convention has been ratified only recently, and that the Permanent Central Board has just been organized. This board will receive and interpret quarterly and annual statistics of dangerous drugs from all over the world, and will follow their movement, giving through this information a basis for a definition of what is now an indefinite obligation, namely, to limit manufacture to legitimate medical and scientific needs. That the United States, which, with China, is the world's chief complainant against excess manufacture, does not sufficiently coöperate with foreign countries through the machinery now established, as Congressman Fish alleges, is true. One excellent remedy for this would be to have an American representative, with power, upon the Opium Advisory Committee, a move which could be made without "recognizing" the League. Incidently, such an effective representation could do much towards bringing about a needed re-organization of the work and personnel of the Committee.

But habit-forming drugs do enter New York and other ports of entry, and will continue to do so illegally. To tighten up the domestic situation, it is necessary to unify the enforcement efforts, now scattered through various governmental departments, and to concentrate responsibility upon a single head, either in the Treasury or the Department of Justice. Congressman Porter, who has proved well fitted to deal with the domestic situation, whatever his limitations in regard to international negotiations, has offered a valuable suggestion in his proposal for a special Commissioner to take charge of enforcement. It is quite likely that this, with other suggestions for changes in domestic enforcement, will be gathered by President Hoover's hard-pressed Law Enforcement Commission, and that actual changes will await its report. But sooner or later the question will come before Congress; and the serious stumbling block to intelligent action is that not half a dozen Representatives or Senators have any real knowledge of the

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subject. Dependable information can be readily obtained from such a book as John P. Gavit's "Opium," and from the pamphlets of the Foreign Policy Association. Whether the members of Congress read books in summer is, of course, another matter.

Peace Hath Her Victories

THE late war, as some of our more venerable antiquarians will remember, gave birth to a principle which was christened self-determination. This principle then gave birth to a considerable number of small nations which had previously existed more or less anonymously under the thumb of Austrian, German or Russian despotisms. It also strengthened the sense of nationality—that feeling of intimate kinship with the burglar or the crooked politician who speaks one's own, one's native tongue—in the existing countries. So far so good. But it was then discovered that to have a place on the map was not enough. A country also desired a place in the public consciousness. It almost had to have one if its trade were to prosper. Unhappily it was not now so easy to make the world Lithuania-conscious, or Poland-conscious, or San-Marino-conscious as it had been when there were not quite so many small states. The white light that beats upon a throne did not beat so hard upon the new little republics. Even the older countries had their troubles. Great Britain has had her share of advertising during the past century, and yet she now finds that tourists pass her by in favor of better-advertised France, and France fears that some of the hated foreigners will slip through her fingers and spend their vacation money in Germany or Austria. Spain has had to take some pains to remind the tourist that she is not a historical myth, and Italy has been obliged to assure the timid schoolma'am from the Middle West that ladies are in no danger from the attentions of the Fascisti.

We do not know whether any country has actually hired an official press agent, or, as that functionary would now be called, public relations counsel. Yet why shouldn't one? The United States Steel Corporation, General Motors, the Ford Motor Company, The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the railroads, the power interests, all of them wealthier and more important than some of the smaller European states, cultivate the good will of humanity through the printed and spoken word very assiduously and very expertly. But if the practice has not been organized it at least exists informally. We have only to note such occurrences as the various aerial expeditions of the past year or so—the Spanish and Italian flights to South America, Nobile's ill-fated voyage to the North Pole, the German-Irish transatlantic flight in the "Bremen," the Zeppelin flights across the Atlantic, the heroic French attempts to fly across the same ocean. No one will speak lightly of these exploits. Some of them cost the lives of brave men. All of them demanded courage and endurance which make one proud to belong to the human race. In another sphere we see little Finland standing second only to the United States in a list of thirty-three countries at the Olympic games. The Finns ran for the honor of their native soil as they might under slightly different circumstances have run for dear old Siwash.

A part of this new desire to make one's country prominent, if not for its armies and navies then for its aviators or its distance runners, may be due to the League of Nations. The League consists, as everyone knows, of two groups—the great powers and the small fry. It exists as a factor in world affairs only so long as the great powers stick together for that purpose. But the little powers, as represented in the Assembly, have a better chance than they ever did before to compare notes, make speeches, pass resolutions and in general become aware of their own identities. In many cases they have displayed a higher degree of personal ability than have the great powers. As a result of this and other factors there has undoubtedly evolved since the War a new respect for quality as opposed to quantity—at least on the part of those nations which have quality rather than quantity to offer. And this is an ideal situation for the advertising campaigns which we see so haphazardly beginning.

Quality advertising has its own traditions and technique. In this country we have seen it exemplified, for instance, in the so-called "quality group" of magazines, though that group disintegrated last year. Any newspaper with a small circulation in a large field bases its appeal on quality. This appeal may be losing ground in America, where income classifications are comparatively fluid and the relatively poor may buy beyond their means through the instalment plan. But in the case of rigid entities such as small nations it is susceptible of wide use. Nor would such wide use be a bad thing. If a small nation is to attract attention to itself it must do so by being different from the larger nations just over the border. At least it must seem different.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1929, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
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Bear Oil

Old Magic for New Times

"BEAR OIL," says the house organ of a great advertising agency, James F. Newcomb and Company, Inc., "is the priceless ingredient in some advertising campaigns." The story is that an old medicine-show man, who traveled with Indian Swampweed Bitters, found his sales dropping off, due—as was shown by his market research, conducted according to the primitive methods of those times—to the recent journeying of another medicine man through the same countryside. From that time, in his selling talks, the second apostle of health explained that the Swampweed Bitters preparation of his rival, though genuine, contained none of the precious ingredient, Bear Oil, but that his own incomparable panacea was not merely Swampweed Bitters but Swampweed Bitters Plus Bear Oil.

"Fellows," said a copy chief to his staff, according to the Newcomb Company's journal, "we have a new tooth-paste account. There's not a damn thing about it that makes it different, or better than any other. Forhan's has beaten us to it with their 'four out of five,' and Pepsodent has invented the yellow film. Now, we've got to take this product and find the 'Bear Oil' in it!"

This ingredient, in short, is a highly necessary addition when the product has nothing to distinguish it from its rivals; or when the old sales appeal begins to lose effectiveness. One of these reasons may apply to the widely heralded "BEAN HOLE BEANS."

"You don't have to go to Maine to enjoy BEAN HOLE BEANS—you can have them now with that 'baked in the ground' flavor—'with the fragrance of pine forests and a seasoning of wood smoke in it.' "

This product of the Van Camp advertising department is not baked in the ground, nor baked at all, according to information recently given to the Better Business Bureau. Yet the picture in the advertisement shows an old north-country cabin nestling among the snow-clad pines, and in the foreground a great buried bean-pot, smoking hot, mingling its aroma with that of the pines.

Weber and Heilbroner of New York, in submitting Crofut and Knapp hats as a "challenge to this era of glorified rubber stampery," tell of the workrooms where the hats are made, which "vibrate with the enthusiasm of a remarkable man who is the head and heart of a vast establishment . . . and Knapp-Felt Hats differ from other hats as a prize-fight etching by George Bellows differs from a photograph of the same event. If you have a feeling for fine things . . . if you can recognize the charm of hand-wrought quality. . . ."

Now what can Dobbs, Knox and Stetson say? How can a hat be more instinct with those qualities of vibrancy, enthusiasm, and hand-wroughtness demanded by an increasingly hat-conscious America? Dobbs does have an answer, which takes the form of a luxurious prestige booklet, "The Dobbs Building" (9½ x 8½, boards, 36 pages, 22 illustrations). It sells you to the Dobbs products, and them to you, by suffusing you with a tender regard for the Dobbs *mise en scène:*

> It is appropriate that the principal Dobbs establishment in New York should be located on Fifth Avenue at Fifty-Seventh Street. On this site formerly stood the stately Vanderbilt mansion . . . the gathering place of New York's aristocracy. The passing of this exquisite landmark of New York was the occasion of a regret which has been modified [Yes, modified] by the erection on this location of a business structure . . . may well be called the center of the world of fashion. Less than a generation ago . . . realization of a vision long cherished by its founders . . . superb quality and noticeable elegance of style of Dobbs headwear . . . no smirch on its fair name, no tarnished memory . . . climax in the magnificent Dobbs Building at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Seventh Street . . . splendor of whose proportions, decoration and appointments . . . a breath-taking innovation in mercantile experience. . . . The thought of devoting such space, usually considered the most valuable for selling purposes, merely to the pleasure and convenience of the friends of Dobbs is a significant characteristic of the spirit that pervades the institution . . . a magnificent mirror . . . wrought iron grills, touched with gold . . . the old world atmosphere of the room. Considerations of commerce nowhere intrude . . . the wonderful rug, the crimson velvet upholstery . . . artistic electroliers and torchères, with their 212 lamps . . . magnificent XVII Century Tenier tapestry . . . Dobbs Hats for Men and Women . . . the finest hat in the world at Forty dollars, or the worthy Dobbs hat at Eight dollars . . . exclusiveness . . . has no connection with the dollar mark, nor is the aristocracy of price the basis of Dobbs supremacy . . . that indefinable atmosphere which inspires confidence . . . pleasant cordiality . . . perfect correctness . . . glints of dull gold on rich walnut and soft lights artistically placed in beautiful fixtures . . . sense of completeness and universal good taste . . . a conveniently located lift . . . pleasant seclusion of an impressively extensive Louis XVI drawing-room . . . exquisitely carpeted and furnished . . . filmy underthings, negligées and hosiery . . . the restful ease of this beautiful salon . . . complicated machinery necessary for the orderly conduct of a vast business. . . .

Well, Weber and Heilbroner, and Crofut-Knapp have their answer. And what an answer it is,

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with the help of the officers of Dobbs and Company, an imposing set of story writers, cover-picture painters, cartographers, illustrators, photographers, engravers, printers and binders, paper merchants, and special counsel, all of whom have done work of such epochal importance as to be individually memorialized in the closing pages of this booklet! As a piece of book making, it is truly superb. As an answer to the upstart claims of hat merchants who have been in business less than the twenty epic years of Dobbs and Company, and who do not understand what can be done with architecture, Tenier tapestries, and winged words, it is complete and final. Everyone expecting to have Eight to Forty dollars should have a copy of this tribute to the Finer Things of Life.

The profession of making and selling drugs seems to lead those who pursue it more naturally into a free use of Bear Oil than almost any other occupation. Two commonplace oils, refined white mineral oil and grease, and castor oil, the basis of the great hair-slick family of products, have been transformed into a hundred or more fantastic liquids, potions, and unguents, and equally fantastic word structures covering acres of half-tone and type, and exploiting everything from cold creams, hair tonics, and dandruff cures, to regularizers of the most intimate functions. Truly a magnificent enterprise, and a tribute to the ready homage of man to the timeless magic of the apothecary, on the whole as delusive today as a hundred years ago. One need only remember the pages of rotogravure recently reeled from the clattering presses of metropolitan papers to tell a hoarse and sniffling public that at last a head cold may be cured by merely smelling a handkerchief, or a pillow, moistened with one drop of a truly magical liquid (50 drops $1).

Some of the leading pharmaceutical manufacturers are firms of high repute and known technical skill; and the Bear Oil they use is peculiarly effective. There is the Lambert Pharmacal Company, for example, who make Listerine: their well timed announcements to the public, whose scientific interest is largely limited to self-hypnosis by new terms, have included halitosis and epithelial debris. A rival firm replied with bromidosis. Then there is the old house whose trade packages carry the slogan: "The Priceless Ingredient of Every Product Is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker."

"Have you recently analyzed your advertising formula? Perhaps you can add a little Bear Oil—for in some campaigns this is itself 'the priceless ingredient.' Surely," says the expert previously quoted, "any bright member of the class in advertising can point out the Bear Oil content in the campaigns of Forhan's tooth-paste, Squibb's and Mennen's and Colgate's shaving creams, or Old Gold and Lucky Strike cigarettes. And the list could be extended."

Indeed it could, to include a majority of the great names of National Coverage and Dominant Position.

Marmola, that classic fat reducer, which was first exposed by the American Medical Association, still advertises in the New York theater "Magazine Programs." The dimly lighted theater is evidently a safe haven for advertising that the better daily newspapers and the more decent of the popular magazines are too squeamish to print. Marmola uses the pure scientific grade of Bear Oil in its advertising:

> 1928 Belles are not fat—This great change [from the excess fat of twenty years ago to modern slender figures of style and beauty] started when science discovered the chief cause of obesity—This factor was embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for over twenty years—millions of boxes of them. That is one great reason for the slender figures you see everywhere today—Simply take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

Have you some troublesome ailment? Then, no doubt, you need Campbell's Infra-Red Ray Lamp. "Why suffer needless pain?" asks the advertisement in Collier's. "If you, or someone in your home, has a troublesome ailment, a lamp like this is a blessing." Such a lamp gives off the scientific-sounding infra-red rays, which are nothing more than the familiar warming rays given off by an electric lamp bulb, a bathroom heater, a hot water bottle, a steam radiator, or even a plate of soup.

"Entirely unlike ultra-violet or X-Ray. Positively cannot sunburn or blister." Considering that ultra-violet and X-Ray are enormously unlike each other, and each, as the advertisement asserts, is unlike bathroom-heater rays, such a statement can only be questioned upon its misleading implications, which might be illustrated by some such formula as this: Duck eggs: entirely unlike chocolate eclairs or dynamite cartridges. Cannot irritate your stomach with wood alcohol or benzoate of soda, nor explode and cripple innocent bystanders.

All perfectly true; but plainly irrelevant to the question of eggs as food.

It is only when pseudo-scientific conjure-words are translated into their equivalents in familiar language that one sees the work of the copy-writer in all its shining beauty.

"Science," says our authority on Bear Oil, "has added to Mr. Averageman's vocabulary, and some advertisers have fastened upon the new words as magical phrases with which to enchant the consumer. . . . Bear Oil—medium," he adds, "is innocent, but just too heavy to be digestible. Its effectiveness is usually destroyed by its high percentage of the ridiculous."

Yet give heed to this, which appears as a full-page advertisement in "Printer's Ink":

> THE ADVERTISING TYPOGRAPHERS OF AMERICA.....
>
> This is not an organization committed to promot-

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ing Private Gain. . . . [Here follows a paragraph relating to the "flower of creative ability, character . . . ideals . . . the craft that we cherish and the profession . . . we aim to adorn."]

Buy composition only from members of the Advertising Typographers of America, whose names and addresses are listed on the opposite page.

One of the most delightful things about our men of vision is that they find very effective, among their own number, the very traps they use to lure the laity. In the field of advertising to advertisers—exploiting the merits of newspapers and magazines and free pencils and calendars as copy media—these experts plainly hold their colleagues almost as gullible as the general public upon whom they work their chief medicine-show marvels.

"Sometimes," says our author, "it is not until the buyer's imagination is stirred by the glitter of Bear Oil, that he wakes up to his genuine need of a genuinely meritorious article. . . .

"In the old days," he continues, referring to the fact that the search for Bear Oil has revealed new uses for many products, "Listerine was just a mouth wash, jogging along at a moderate sales rate with a number of worthy competitors. Then the era of halitosis dawned upon the advertising world, and Listerine took its seat among the gods of the Bigger Sales Volume. . . . Another example is the promotion of yeast from the bakery to the medicine chest."

Or typewriters from mere writing machines to an inspiration for the life of the mind. Cadet Cagle, star halfback at West Point, tells us: "I wouldn't be without my Royal Portable. It's the greatest aid in keeping up my grades—and you know army grades."

Page 49 of the Official Register of Officers and Cadets knows army grades, too, according to an informant of F. P. A. in The New York World, and Cadet Cagle's standing, for the past year, in a class of 266 men, reads about as follows:

232nd	in Mathematics
207th	in English
237th	in French
239th	in History
211th	in Drawing
212th	in Tactics
122nd	in Conduct

This gives an average position of 237th in a class of 266, with a point total of 550—the lowest in the class was 532—out of a possible 745 points.

But the cadet-halfback is not the only member of army circles who helps our business men to put things over in a big way. "An army man must keep fit," said Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, issuing a dictum in aid of Lucky Strikes, to the distress of the candy industry. General Bullard, who was in command of the Second Army, A. E. F. on Armistice Day, 1918, and is pictured in a recent New York Times with a full set of medals and decorations, quotes one of Napoleon's great cavalry leaders on the high value of smoking to an army. "Of course I say," says General Bullard, "reach for a *Lucky* instead of a sweet." And then, dropping into the "reason why" style of copy, "An army man must besides keep fit and not be overweight."

"Often enough," says the Bear Oil expert, "every advertiser of a given product could use the same Bear Oil with equal honesty. Take for example the Parker Duofold's 'Pressureless Touch.' This is convincingly illustrated by a picture of a pen resting on the back of the hand between thumb and forefinger. The fingers are spread; not an iota of pressure is exerted and yet this wonder pen sheds ink when you move the hand.

"Try it with your Waterman, your Readi-Blot, or whatever pen you use."

Famous safety razor blades give an instance of the same technique. One advertisement reads: "Each is equipped with blades of the keenest edge—Gem Double Life Blades retail 7 for 50 cents." Another reads: "Ever-Ready Radio [note the Radio!] blades possess the keenest cutting edge known to the science of Metallurgy—6 for 50 cents." Both blades were made by the same firm, which, in buying the Gem razor business at four millions, paid $3,600,000 for its good will—that is, its past advertising. In a recent suit, the superintendent of the American Safety Razor Corporation testified that Ever-Ready, Gem, and Star blades, were made from the same metal and in the same way—that they were in all respects identical, except for name and wrapper. All this, said the lawyers for the American Safety Razor Corporation, according to a notice in Time, was ordinary business puffing. Considering that four millions were spent by the American Corporation in six years for advertising, we may perhaps assume that a believing world has paid and will go on paying a very considerable sum to be told, through a press consecrated to the service of the public and of Truth in Advertising, that Tweedledum and Tweedledee, though both excellent fellows, were each infinitely to be preferred to the other.

F. J. SCHLINK.

Woodsman

He walked among the leaves without a sound—
Not a twig snapped, no branch whipped back as though
Disputing passage to his chosen ground:
The woods were his, for he had made them so.
Once, where the spring is overrun with brakes,
I saw him standing, and he seemed to be
All of one color, as a hillside takes
The rusty brown of Autumn, tree by tree.

Some people study quiet and make peace
With creatures yet unbroken to the plow,
Their acres only Desolation tills,
Their seeds are at the variant winds' caprice.
He has been gone these many seasons now,
But his gold harvest ripens on the hills.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

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An American Pope?

ANYONE who advocates progressive principles in agricultural areas soon learns that the conditions of life today, however much they may affect people's lives, have little altered their minds. The ordinary man or woman approaches the questions of today, and must be approached about them, through instincts and ideas formed by conditions so long out of date as to have little or nothing to do with the circumstances of today. Just as the functions of a man's body are still regulated by, and related to, phenomena like the passages of the sun and the phases of the moon that have lost their importance in our lives, so public opinion still is formed by "old forgotten far-off things and battles long ago."

Nothing in present-day politics, for example, has more surprised politicians than the reaction of public opinion against Roman Catholicism, revived by the British Prayer Book controversy and the American presidential campaign. Although the United Kingdom has been steadily drifting towards civil war through the struggle for power between socialists and capitalists, a struggle which concluded its first constitutional phase in the recent General Election, and although the United States is drifting into a struggle between law and license, through the campaign between wets and drys, which is entering its decisive stage under this new administration, yet public opinion in both countries seems still to be more concerned with obsolete wars of religion. No doubt, religion does enter into these contemporary conflicts. The success of Prohibition in America is explained by the Puritan origin of its society, just as the resistance to it is exemplified in the Roman Catholic reaction and Royalist restoration that eventually ended Puritanism in the United Kingdom. And we must remember that the skirmishings of Cromwellians and Cavaliers seemed no more romantic to their suffering fellow citizens than the scufflings of "snoopers" and "bootleggers" seem to us. Nevertheless, it seems to me as strange as it is striking that my eastern American audience of a few weeks ago, or my East Anglian audiences of this month, are much more concerned about "No Popery" than about present-day issues that affect their laws, their liberties, and their lives.

This peculiarity of public opinion has to be reckoned with in present-day problems. It was, for example, news to me and would, I imagine, be news to most Englishmen, that one of the frequent objections to the League of Nations in the minds of many Americans is the notion that the whole institution camouflages a campaign for the restoration of Papal supremacy. Those who hold this strange delusion are quite prepared to document it. Arguments that the League, as a super-national authority, was of American authorship, and that it was altered into an international association and administration by the British, are answered by an exposition of the origins of the idea among American Catholics and an exposé of Roman Catholic control over the British Foreign Office and League officials. It is obvious that this obsession is a serious obstacle to bringing the United States back into the League; and, unless it is taken into account, considerable damage may be done by an oversight, for example, by appointing as British Ambassador another Roman Catholic who was a prominent official of the League.

Those who see a great future for Roman Catholicism as an international institution, and a great function for Anglo-American Catholicism in promoting that institution, will have to avoid any action that might be misinterpreted as a plot. The League is not the only international institution dependent on American association for the discharge of its present function and the development of its possibilities in the future. America assumes a larger place each year in European economics and politics. For you cannot supply capital without sooner or later succeeding to control. One European institution largely financed by America is the Papacy. This has already been partly recognized by giving America a representation of three Cardinals—a number that very inadequately represents the contribution of American Catholics. As it happens, however, the course of Papal politics is coming to give American Catholics a position more proportionate to their importance in the Church.

For many years a movement has been maturing within the Church for de-Italianizing and internationalizing the Papacy. The main obstacle to its completion was the conflict between the Holy See and the Italian state, which made it difficult to elect a national of a leading power as Pope without involving another state in this internal issue, and which also indefinitely deferred the recovery by the Papacy of that full sovereign status that was an essential part of the policy. These difficulties have recently been removed by the new Concordat between the Papacy and Fascism. There is no longer any diplomatic difficulty in the appointment of a non-Italian Pope; and all foreign powers, including the United States, will be diplomatically represented in the new sovereign state. Nor will there be any domestic difficulty in the election of a non-Italian Pope. At the last conclave, the nominee of the non-Italians, the Anglo-Basque Cardinal Merry del Val, was within a few votes of election. The non-Italians are at present in a majority of seven in the Council, and the proposed new creations will prob-

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ably establish a parity in Cardinals. In the next conclave, a candidate representing so powerful an interest as that of the Anglo-Americans would have every prospect of election. Only the personality is at present wanting, and the choice between a German-American and an Irish-American presents difficulties. A Cardinal Gibbons cannot be made to order. Everything, however, now points to the probability of an American Pope.

The effect of such an election in Europe would be wholesome. The insistence of America on its political insularity has caused it to appear before Europe solely in its business relationship. It is looked on as the banker. It is personified as the *Gradgrind*, the *Grippe-sou*, the *Schieber*, the *Nepman*. Its charity has been so unostentatious that it is overlooked. The American appeal for disarmament and the American authority against disorder could be more effectively expressed in a Papal Encyclical than in a presidential message. The pacification that was begun by an American prophet might well be completed by an American priest.

In America itself the effect might also be wholesome, by ridding the country of its no-Popery complex. National pride might finally end a prejudice that is out of date and an apprehension that derives from a darker age.

GEORGE YOUNG.

One Way Out

III. A Civilization of Factories—or a Civilization of Homes?

IN THIS civilization of apartment hotels, kitchenette flats and hall bedrooms, it is being made easy for us to forget that there can be no conquest of comfort without both a home and a homestead. We can no more have real comfort in city flats than we can have children without mothers. When we take the places in which we dwell away from the country, deprive our homes of intimate contact with the growth of the soil, shut off our access to sun and light on all sides, we do not merely deprive ourselves of fresh air and sunlight, green grass and trees—we deprive ourselves of what is an elemental need of mankind: the inner discipline that comes from communion with the land.

Before the industrial revolution, the home was both a residence and a producing center. After the coming of power and machines, home work by handicraft methods became unprofitable, while home work by factory methods became unbearable. With power, with division of labor, with specialization, and with serial production, work was transferred from the home to the factory. The disestablished workers had to earn their living in one place and to spend their time living in another.

After the separation, the home naturally began to lose its importance. It shrank in size as rapidly as it began to lose its economic functions. Today it has dwindled in function until it is little more than a place in which to sleep, where time is spent when it cannot very well be spent anywhere else. The smaller the number of rooms of which the home consists, the fewer the pieces of furniture it contains, and the smaller the quantity of household goods that must be moved if a change of "job" makes a change of location desirable, the better. The more mobile the home, the better is it adapted to the exigencies of this civilization. As a matter of fact, the apartment hotel furnishes the home that best meets the needs of a factory economy. Such a home makes the fewest demands upon the time of the various members of the family. It leaves the parents and older children free to go to work, the younger children free to go to school.

When the apartment hotel becomes available to the entire population, disestablishment will be complete. People will be landless, houseless, bedless, and the only property with which they will burden themselves will be the clothes they have to wear.

Without a complete collapse of civilization, of which there is no immediate indication, it is exceedingly improbable that the masses can be persuaded to adopt a normal country life. Only individual families can therefore be expected to adopt it. But those of us who will devote one-half the effort that we now put into winning a precarious success in business or professional life into the solution of the problem of attaining the first step on the way to economic freedom will find that all the instrumentalities for achieving it are already in existence. If we can generate the necessary initiative, we will find that the agencies at hand, far from ideal though they may be, can be used by us to establish homes and homesteads.

Over 30 percent of our incomes is spent for food—for meat, for milk and eggs, for groceries and vegetables and fruits. The factory furnishes these to us in neatly labeled packages, bottles and tin cans—at a price that seems to me excessive. The home and homestead can provide us with all we wish of everything but the exotics of the table—the delicacies and luxuries that come from distant sections and from far countries. What is more, the homestead enables us to produce most

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of the native foodstuffs in a purer, cleaner, fresher, healthier, and tastier form than the factory furnishes them to us, at hardly much more cost than is needed to buy modern labor-saving gardening and kitchen equipment, and hardly much more labor than is necessary to our good health and good cheer.

The garden and the wood-lot furnish an excellent substitute for the present cult of games. Exercise is a basic human need, but exercise for the sake of exercise is an anachronism. Yet it is to an increasing extent a part of our factory-dominated life. At precisely seven o'clock in the morning, millions of us in America turn on our radios and go through our "daily dozen" of exercises. Most of us, under city conditions, ought to do so. But that fact does not make the whole procedure a bit less absurdly wasteful of human energy.

We plume ourselves upon the superiority of our modern systems of education! Because our children are able to read about fabrics in newspapers and magazines, and see them on display in attractively decorated stores, we think them better educated than the benighted children of a hundred years ago whose education about fabrics began when the flax grew in the fields or the wool was sheared in the spring. A hundred years ago children needed neither textbooks nor teachers to learn about the fabrics that were in use in those days. The cleaning and scouring of the wool, the spinning of the fiber into yarn, the weaving of the yarn into cloth, the dyeing and finishing and the cutting and sewing of the cloth into garments were processes that they observed at first-hand and in which they participated as soon as they became old enough. Without scientific pedagogy, intelligence tests, modern psychology; without perfectly equipped steam-heated, automatically ventilated buildings; without specialists in mathematics, in history, in science; without modern texts and modern libraries, they learned infinitely more about the processes of production than our modern children.

Go into a progressive school. There you will find the children working in gardens, building houses, working with tools, making pottery and weaving cloth. The children are taught to spin, and to weave on spindles and looms often as primitive as the instruments that savages use. Yet the most backward savage child knows much more about textiles and their production than the average modern child can hope to know.

We flatter ourselves that all this is an evidence of real progress in education, and overlook the fact that much of it is superfluous if children are brought up in productive country homes, which furnish a liberal education in the various manual crafts to all the members of the family. Life in the country is the ultimate of progressive education. Rearing and caring for growing things, animal and vegetable, is a "head and hand" educational process. Country life makes the master-of-all-trades possible —human beings able to work with hammers, saws and chisels; to tinker with iron work and with machinery; to use spades and hoes and agricultural implements; to operate water pumps and plumbing systems, heating plants and lighting systems. These activities, into which children in the country are naturally inducted, furnish real and not sham progressive education. They furnish the conditions needed for a firm foundation for a liberal education. Life in the country furnishes opportunities for the study of biology, in the raising of poultry; zoölogy, in the care of animals and birds; botany, in the cultivation of gardens, flowers and trees. It furnishes opportunities to study hydraulics, in the care of the water supply; electricity, in securing light and power; chemistry, in cooking and preserving; mechanics, in wood working and machine working. Above all, it furnishes children a foundation for a normal emotional life in the abounding panorama of nature; in the procession of the seasons, and in the all-important facts of life and death, which become less awe-inspiring and poignantly tragic when children are prepared for them by a life of intimacy with what we call the dumb animals.

We are rediscovering the educational value of these contacts with reality, through the experiments of our progressive schools. That this latest development in pedagogy should consist so largely of a discovery by the school of the importance of the culture-medium of which the factory and the city have deprived mankind is the most amazing of satires upon civilized society.

You say you have no taste for bucolic delights, and crave the glitter that the city offers? Then you are indeed unfortunate. For then you are in need of a transvaluation of values exceptionally difficult of achievement. A steady diet of highly spiced foods destroys the palate's sensitivity to the fine bouquet of natural foods. Frosting is a good thing on a cake, but the man who eats nothing but the frosting develops a pathological appetite which makes it impossible for him to enjoy the cake itself. So it is with this matter of life on the land; it has a set of values of its own. They are immeasurably important values, touching something very deep in the life of man. When we lose our capacity for enjoying them, when we are unable to take these basic cravings of the race and dignify and elevate them into a form of artistic expression, we lose a part of our inheritance as human beings, and we become mere flotsam and jetsam on the stream of consciousness, endlessly bruising ourselves as we live, because we are rootless and adrift, hurtling against every snag and rock in the stream of life.

It is our present convention to solve the problem of living by earning money, and then to buy what we need and desire with the money earned. So overwhelming is the force of this convention that even those who inherit wealth in this country feel compelled to devote their time largely to money-

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making. For those who do not inherit wealth, no other method is conceived of than that of earning money to buy the means to live according to the standard to which they aspire.

But for those of us who aspire to live a superior life, conformity to this convention that we must devote ourselves to the immediate material conquest of comfort means an almost certain sacrifice of the ultimate spiritual conquest of comfort. For conformity to this convention of our factory-dominated civilization is incompatible with the security, the satisfying work, and the independence necessary to real comfort.

Certainly, under the present conditions, the quantity-minded, by concentrating upon the acquisition of wealth, achieve a higher degree of freedom to refuse to make exchanges than do we. For to the degree in which we become interested in the qualitative aspects of life, we tend to neglect the acquisition of this freedom. Thus the quantity-minded, who are nearly always free, determine how and when and where and what we, who are rarely free, should receive for our work. But let us make ourselves free to withhold our services, and we shall determine not only the terms but also the nature and the quality of the work we do.

Until we have secured the essentials of comfort, until we are able to devote ourselves to satisfying work, until we are free to refuse to work and play as those with inferior values and with vulgar aspirations would force us to, a less selfish economic policy is neither good for ourselves nor good for civilization.

You, my reader, will probably continue as before. And so shall I.

But I, at least, am free to continue the quest of comfort on my own small domain—mine as long as I can scrape together the taxes that the state levies upon it.

I, at least, have the opportunity to work out a manner of living for myself without regard to the life that landlords, tradesmen, and manufacturers would impose upon me.

I, at least, can say to the factory:

"Get thee hence, I want thy riches not, because I need them not."

A comfortable home in which to labor and to play, with trees and grass and flowers and skies and stars; a small garden; a few fruit trees, some fowls, some goats, some bees; and three big dogs to keep the salesmen out—and I, at least, have time for love, for children, for a few friends and for the work I like to do. More the world can give to no man, and more no man can give the world.

RALPH BORSODI.

This is the last of a series of three articles by Mr. Ralph Borsodi. This series will appear, in expanded form, as part of the contents of his book, "This Ugly Civilization: A Study of the Quest of Comfort," to be published by Simon and Schuster.

What Next in China?

II. Domestic Problems of the National Government

The following article was written, as its context indicates, before the dispute over the Chinese Eastern Railway reached its present stage. Its description of the internal situation in China throws a vivid light upon the ability of the Nanking government to finance and conduct an extensive military campaign against Russia.—THE EDITORS.

THE settlement of China's foreign relations may be said to be well under way. The treaties forced on China during the period of imperialistic aggression have been disregarded in fact, and their formal nullification by diplomatic action is already being negotiated. But China's internal affairs, much more vital to the Chinese people, are further from settlement and less clear. If it is deceptively easy to imagine, from appearances, that China is moving in a circle, it is just as easy, and just as mistaken, to suppose that when the Nationalists are established in control of the government, civil war will be over, unification attained, and reconstruction begun. All that can be said is that this long period of transition will end in a reunited, reorganized and revitalized country—or else China is several steps nearer a final break-up.

The Nationalist government at Nanking, now recognized as the *de jure* government of China, claims jurisdiction over all eighteen provinces. Legally, it may have this jurisdiction, but in the practical sense that orders from a capital would be executed in all parts of the country, even if unpalatable to local military leaders, and public revenues automatically sent here, Nanking is not the capital of the Republic of China. In that sense, there has been no Republic of China for years, and there is none now. But so far as there is any center of authority, it is at Nanking; and the fact that various military leaders have felt obliged to give it even lip loyalty is testimony enough to the moral ascendancy of the Nanking government.

As yet it is only moral. For the practical basis on which the government was established was a

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shaky alliance of military factions, which has since become an armed truce. Of the four groups that combined to overthrow the Peking government, one was eliminated in the civil war early this year —the so-called Kwangsi faction. It challenged Nanking and lost. A second, led by Yen Hsi-shan, who is a lone hand rather than a faction leader, has too little power to count. This leaves the two groups led by Feng Yu-hsiang and Chiang Kai-shek. These two are already in open disagreement, and may be fighting by the time this article is published.[1]

There is no need to say much here about the differences between them, for it is a question of the subtleties of Chinese politics, and of little importance to anyone whose fortunes are not involved. No real issues are at stake. There may be some disagreement as to policy, but it is really the old story of rival ambitions.

Chiang Kai-shek has to his credit the fact that he does hold some conception of subordination to civil authority. His qualities as a leader are doubtful; his record as an administrator is not impressive; and his capacities do not live up to his ambitions. He has also forfeited the confidence of many of the best elements in the country. But, by long association with the ultra-progressive Kuomintang, he has been at least somewhat indoctrinated with the ideas of party government and limitation on the powers of the military. In the last resort, he will insist that his must be the deciding voice; but he at least recognizes the necessity of counsel with non-military officials.

Feng Yu-hsiang, on the other hand, is a dominant personality and a leader of men, and the region under his control is well governed. He has built roads, established schools and model villages, instituted an efficient and, on the whole, honest system of administration, and gathered about himself a unique group of idealistic young men. He has high-minded, if naïve, plans for social reconstruction, and a genuine social sense. The needs of the masses lie closer to his heart than in the case of any other Chinese military leader in recent times. He reverts, however, to the older type of oriental official: the paternal autocrat. His whole career has been a single-minded effort to establish personal mastery, sometimes by dubious means.

Yet these men represent an advance in China's political development, if we compare them with the military mandarins, such as Chang Tso-lin, who have misruled the country since the establishment of the Republic. The new men have at least a dim comprehension of political responsibility. To be sure, it is not so great as their personal ambitions, but any at all is a clear gain. They do not plunge into wars quite so recklessly as their predecessors. And in China, as elsewhere, every question, political, social and economic, turns on the preservation of peace.

Assuming that there will be a few years of peace, what then? Politically, there is a vacuum in China now. There has been a vacuum since the traditional system, embodied in the monarchy and the bureaucracy of scholars, broke down, partly under the weight of its own decadence and partly under the pressure of the intruding West. There is now but one source from which the vacuum can be filled. That is the Kuomintang. The Kuomintang is officially a party, but it is best described as the vehicle of an idea. The idea is, in a word, revolution—a complete break with the past.

Expressed in one form or another and in continually changing programs, this idea has been gaining force for a generation. Under various names and leaders, and often with mutually contradictory policies, the Kuomintang has served as protagonist of the idea. As the Tungmenhui, it secretly organized the revolution against the Manchu dynasty, overthrew the monarchy, and established the Republic. As the Kuomintang, it sought to consolidate the Republic and failed. It has remained as the party of opposition throughout the succeeding period of military dictatorships, as well as the party of reform, and, more recently, of ultra-nationalism. It was the Kuomintang that captured Peking, wiped out the last vestige of the old government, and set up what is now recognized as the government of China.

Whatever comes in China in the next few years will come through the agency of the Kuomintang. Yet, to conceive of the Kuomintang as a completely definite entity is a mistake. It is too inchoate, too lacking in cohesion, composed of too many irreconcilable elements, and too unstable in its policy and program. In this respect, it also represents the country, for under all the shifting of principles and leaders there remains an inflexible purpose: to free China of foreign control and establish it on a basis of modern social and economic organization. This is the one point of unity in the Kuomintang, as it is in all of intellectually conscious China.

As an historical movement this is unity enough, but as an instrument of government it is, of course, inadequate. China's government at present is by party dictatorship. The Kuomintang is the dictator; it appoints the cabinet, promulgates laws and decides policies. In practice, this means an oligarchy composed of a small group in the Central Executive Committee. Throughout the country, it means that power is exercised by those that assume the name of the party and control the local party organization—usually irresponsible youngsters and very often a nuisance to their community. In a country whose people have only a vague political consciousness and no experience of democratic government, a broad-based party dictatorship might be an effective expedient, but in that case the party would need to have a clearer set of principles, a definite program, and a sharp test of fitness for

[1] While Mr. Peffer's article was in the mails, Feng Yu-hsiang gave up the struggle against Chiang Kai-shek and, presumably after being paid a heavy indemnity, announced that he would take an extensive trip abroad, "making a special investigation for the Nanking government."

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membership. All these the Kuomintang lacks, and Nanking reflects the lack.

Consequently, Nanking has accomplished little as yet, except in the creating of a new mood. There is nothing concrete. It seems to be a part of the natural history of revolutions everywhere that the first stages are taken up with trivialities, and China is no exception. Names of cities and streets and official bureaus are being changed; old customs are being proscribed—and the proscriptions ignored by the people; regulations are proclaimed governing outward forms. Grandiose pronunciamentos follow one another, and are forgotten. The fine hot glow, the self-forgetting zeal of three years ago, when the revolutionary forces were fighting their way northward, has been lost. In Nanking itself there is disillusionment, and among the people, skepticism. There are undoubtedly men of fine spirit and distinguished ability in Nanking, but they are in a minority. The average of capacity is discouragingly low in comparison with the needs of China at this time.

However sympathetic one may be with Chinese nationalism, it is impossible to deny that, if the account were struck now for the whole revolution, there would be little social gain to balance the cost in human suffering. The life of the masses is now more wretched than before, unimaginable by those that have not witnessed it, and indescribable by those that have. To the natural catastrophes of famine, flood and plague have been added terrorization by bandit gangs, which swarm over the land, depredation by hordes of troops and, perhaps worse, official spoliation by taxation imposed with indifference or caprice. Much of the suffering would no doubt have come in any case. The Chinese social system has been dislocated by the times as well as by war and revolution. But much could have been prevented had the revolution had a clearer intellectual base and its leaders not made the same mistake as its critics—that is, to expect a miracle in a year, and by proclamation. They were too impatient to lay foundations and build slowly, and all that they have set up has crumbled. They believed they could change truths by changing names, and solve the problems of an age-old civilization by injecting half-understood ideas snatched from the West. Republicanism, democracy, socialism, communism, big business, industrial development, single tax—first one, then the other, then two or more at the same time, even when mutually exclusive—for twenty years a hodge-podge of ideas has dissipated the energies and enthusiasms of those that sought a new order in China.

To Sun Yat-sen's zeal and determination Chinese Nationalism owes nearly all it has achieved in wiping out the decayed monarchical regime and loosening the bonds of foreign control; but the Chinese people have also paid an exorbitant price for his instability, his intellectual immaturity, and his weakness for slogans and nostrums. He has now been canonized, and that bizarre document that is supposed to contain his social and political gospel, the "Three People's Principles," has been adopted as scriptural revelation. It does in fact accurately mirror the Kuomintang and the revolution. It is itself a hodge-podge of sound principles, sophomoric callowness, and pseudo-scientific jargon. In justice to Sun Yat-sen one must say that he was intellectually superior to the "Three People's Principles," and in justice to the Nationalist leaders one must say also that they do not take the book or the program as seriously as they pretend; they know better. The whole Sun Yat-sen legend, as a matter of fact, is a synthetic creation for practical political purposes, and it does indeed serve. The legend provides a rallying cry, an inspiration, and a binding force.

In justice to the leaders of the Nanking government, it should be said, finally, that they are learning from their failures. They are thinking more realistically now than three years ago, and realize the size of the job they have on their hands if China is to regain its balance. They have acquired more men with technical training for their tasks. The balance of power is still wielded by the military, but the civilian elements are steadily gaining power. Although it is true that the actual condition of the country has never been worse in our time, it is also true that there are elements of promise which have not existed before in our time. China may now be expected to go more slowly and with less dramatic flourish. There will be less trumpeting of "awakenings" of China. But what is established will be more enduring. The Chinese race has lived through more than one cycle and has always come up reinvigorated for a new period of political and cultural growth. There is evidence for the belief without too much optimism, that China stands at the beginning of a new ascent. It is a favorable augury that at last the great states of the West are not inclined to interfere. That is the one clear gain of the revolution, perhaps the only one; but its value is not to be underestimated.

Shanghai. NATHANIEL PEFFER.

Eagle Dance

They paint us in our houses
To be pure in the plaza;
They know that we eat, sleep, laugh and are men;
But they paint us in our houses,
To be eagles.
And so we have taught our feet a worthy dance,
Worthy of the white down blowing on our chests,
Whirling in the sky on eagles.
And so our women look upon our beaks
That bite at the sun,
For our feathered bodies are become
Houses of women. . . .
But our feet are the feet of eagles,
Patterning free paths.

WITTER BYNNER.

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The Sorrows of Herbert

AFTER a blistering July day in Woppington, the night had brought relief. Vagrant breezes scented with honeysuckle and gasoline wandered down Main Street while Elmer Durkin sat in front of his little news store and made unnecessary noises about the tariff. The innocent bysitter was Chester A. Donner, the pharmacist, who had been too deep in ice cream soda, camera films, bathing caps and school-girl complexions to keep up with current events.

Elmer prefaced his story with a synopsis of previous chapters. The hero is a chief engineer who got pushed into calling a special session of Congress for tariff and farm relief. After a hard fight he gets his farm board bill all paid up for the summer, and the next thing that happens to him is the Hawley calamity.

"If you can remember back to April, Chet, the Big Chief told the boys this was to be a limited tariff revision run as a benefit racket for the farmers. The Ways and Means Committee got busy and unveiled a bill that was about the limit. It boosted the ante on sugar, shoes, building material, gloves and all the necessaries of life except skeletons and bananas. It was a new altitude record for all time, but the House swallowed it without a squawk. The Democrats were one wet smack. They took theirs meekly on the beezer and all those horizontal statesmen did was to yodel for their share of the gravy. They didn't bleed and die on this topic last fall, anyhow; they parked that issue in the attic along with the other lost causes and bum guesses. Wouldn't you know that a Dumbocrat would get himself converted to protection at exactly the wrong time!

"So the House passed the bill and the buck and called it a day. Nick Longworth got his chest pinned full of medals for the spiffy way he jimmied this job through the works and the Senate Finance Committee took this bad matter and thought up ways to make it worse. Everything was on the up and up.

"I didn't hear any bitter yawps from the White House, at that. Helpful Herb was too busy picking his all-America law enforcement eleven to get this crime wave from Capitol Hill. The next thing that happened to our hero was a flock of brickbats from all four separate and distinct points of the compass. It was very, very sad."

"Try to bear up, Elmer," said the sympathetic druggist.

"I am not one to gloat, Chet, but Herbert asked for this. Last October he heeled up to the mike and handed out the rawest tariff hooey I have heard since John D. wore knee pants. This was a license to the boys to go out and shake down the big butter and egg men for important money. They came across free, wide, and handsome and now they have wired for quick delivery. Joe Grundy, the loud noise of this outfit, hoofed over from Pennsylvania and wanted to know when the eating would begin. The laugh is that Herby could have got elected a whole lot cheaper, but how could a bird know that, with the Brown Derby playing capacity in the big time and wowing them in the bowl and pitcher belt?

"Now His Excellency began to hear from dear old Vox Populi pro and con, and the dirt is that it was about 93 percent con. The editorials were sour and the fan mail was a double earful of grief. The first yowl came from the very hicks for whom the Great Humanitarian's heart was practically busted. All was noisy on the western front. There were some phoney agricultural raises in this bill but the corn belters didn't bite on that one. What they saw was that they were being gypped on everything they might want to eat, wear or live in. If that is farm relief, Tom Heflin is ear relief.

"And who is this lovely stranger that comes crashing the party? Mrs. Ultimate Consumer. They thought Ulty was all dead and buried. Last fall the little woman was nervous about how the Smith family would stack up in the Blue Room and now she finds that all she has bought herself is an awful gouge in papa's pitiful pay.

"The next big kick was imported stuff. The last I heard every country had issued a denouncement except Yap. This terrible tariff cements bonds of ill-will between us and the rest of the solar system. Our statesmen used to get a big wallop out of the moans of croaking foreigners, but that's not such hot news any more. Because this racket woke up the babies that live by foreign trade. How are they going to peddle their knickknacks to guys who can't sell us?

"Henry Ford yammers for cutting out the duty on gas buggies. Hank is not jumpy at all about the pauper flivvers of Jugoslavia and how can he sell boilers to parties who can't raise the down payment? The Canadians are making the night hideous with their raucous cries and they are the best customers on our list. A fat prospect Cuba will be when Smoot's sugar schedule shoots the meal ticket all full of holes. You can't snag a guy's only shirt, Chet, and then sell him a quart of collar buttons.

"So the great White Father bit on a bum tip. He touted these tariff birds as Heaven's gift to humanity and now the best he hears is that they are a flock of Scarface Al Capones. If he okes a paper that listens like the Hawley thing it'll be a plain case of Herbycide.

"Watson and Reed oozed out of a White House pancake orgy the other day wearing a complete set of red ears. What the Chief Engineer told them they didn't spill but they admitted when backed into a corner that the House bill looked a little adipose in spots. Boy! That's a concession for those two mugs.

"Well, the dope is that the Senators will take a fall out of the Hawley rates and hand us a sane tariff. Maybe they will if kicked in the slats but I'd want to see it before I do any dancing in the

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streets. H. H. will have to stick around and give them the bum's rush."

Mr. Donner mopped his fevered brow and made motions as of a reliable druggist about to go home.

"It seems kind of tough," he said, "to make Hoover stay in Washington in this hot weather."

But Elmer had an answer for that, too.

"It's not the heat so much, Chester; it's the cupidity."

FELIX RAY.

The Joys of Noise

MUSIC and noise, according to a time-honored axiom, are opposites. If a reviewer writes "It is not music, but noise," he feels that all necessary comment has been made.

Within recent times it has been discovered that the geometrical axioms of Euclid could not be taken for granted, and the explorations outside them have given us non-Euclidian geometry and Einstein's physically demonstrable theories.

Might not a closer scrutiny of musical axioms break down some of the hard-and-fast notions still current in musical theory, and build up a non-Bachian counterpoint, a non-Beethovenian harmony, or even a non-Debussian atmosphere, and a non-Schoenbergian atonality?

My interest in noise as a musical element began when I discovered my delight on hearing Varese's "Hyperprism." Not until I looked at the printed score of it, however, did I realize the depravity into which my musical taste had fallen. This wicked work is recorded for seventeen percussion, and only four melodic, instruments. I had been intoxicated by a composition seventeen twenty-firsts noise, yet noise is not a musical element! Although I had often taken and given surreptitious joy with tone-clusters, euphometrics, and other concoctions of my own, in which noise was an important element, my musical demoralization was finally completed by Stokowsky, who offered the 198-proof noises of Varese within the pure walls of Carnegie Hall itself.

Having thus become acquainted with Varese, and later with Antheil, I began an operation, which I shall merely outline in this article—for technical detail would be out of place—calculated to undermine musical standards. Being now beyond reform myself, I shall attempt to show that the noise-makers are developing a little-considered, but natural, element of music, rather than dealing with extra-musical material.

In almost any reliable book on harmony, you will find the axiom that the primary elements of music are melody, harmony and rhythm. If noise were admitted at all, and I doubt if it ever has been, it would unquestionably be classified as part of rhythm. This, however, is a faulty idea of rhythm. Rhythm is a conception, not a physical reality. It is true that, to be realized in music, rhythm must be marked by some sort of sound, but this sound is not itself the rhythm. Rhythmical considerations are the duration of sounds, the amount of stress applied to sounds, the rate of speed as indicated by the movement of sounds, periodicity of sound patterns, and so on.

Sound and rhythm thus are the primary musical elements, sound comprising all that can be heard, and rhythm the formulating impulse behind the sound. Before sound can be divided into melody and harmony, another, and more primary, division must take place: a division into tone—or sound produced by periodic vibration—and noise—or sound produced by non-periodic vibration. Tone may then be divided into melody and harmony; noise remains, a much-used but almost unknown element, little developed from its most primitive usages, perhaps owing to its ill-repute.

The most natural musical expression is to be found in the music of primitives. All primitive music consists in part of beating on percussion instruments, which produces noise-sounds. Without the impelling rhythm induced by these sounds, the backbone of the entrancement of the music would be removed. No primitive can sing comfortably without a flow of beats on some drum-like instrument to support him; and the piling up of the hypnotic spell, which will lift primitives to fanatical ecstasy, is impossible without the ceaseless percussion thuds. When the same rhythm is marked by tones rather than by noises, the force of the music is immeasurably weakened.

Although oriental nations vary greatly in their music, all of them use many percussion instruments; the Chinese not only announce all change in musical form by beats on different gongs—so that one familiar with Chinese music can tell which period of the composition is to be played by which gong precedes it—but the leader of the orchestra is the man who plays the wood-blocks, so important is that position held to be.

We are less interested, however, in primitive and oriental uses of percussion than in our own employment of it, and its power of moving. Noise-making instruments are used with telling effect in our greatest symphonies, and were it not for the punctuation of cymbal and bass drum, the climaxes in our operas would be like jelly-fish.

In the search for music based on pure tone, we may turn hopefully to vocal works, only to find that they too are riddled by noises; for it is only while singing a vowel that a singer makes anything like a "pure" tone—the pronunciation of most consonants produces irregular vibrations, hence noise.

But most shocking of all is the discovery that there is a noise element in the very tone itself of all our musical instruments. Consider the sound of a violin. Part of the vibrations producing the sound are periodic, as can be shown by a harmonic analyzer. But others are not: they do not constantly re-form the same pattern, and consequently must be considered noise. In varying proportions all other instruments yield similar combinations. A truly pure tone can be made only in an acoustical laboratory and even there it is doubtful whether, by the time the tone has reached our ear, it has not been corrupted by resonances picked up on the way.

As musical sound grows louder, the noise in it is accentuated and the tone element reduced. Thus, a loud sound is literally noisier than a soft one; yet music does not touch our emotional depths if it does not rise to a dynamic climax. Under the best circumstances, the emotions are aroused by musical noise and lulled by musical tone.

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Since the "disease" of noise permeates all music, the only hopeful course is to consider that the noise-germ, like the bacteria of cheese, is a good microbe, which may provide previously hidden delights to the listener, instead of producing musical oblivion.

Although existing in all music, the noise-element has been to music as sex to humanity, essential to its existence, but impolite to mention, something to be cloaked by ignorance and silence. Hence the use of noise in music has been largely unconscious and undiscussed. Perhaps this is why it has not been developed, like the more talked-of elements, such as harmony and melody. The use of noise in most music today is little beyond the primitive; in fact, it is behind most native music, where the banality of the thumps often heard in our concerts would not be tolerated.

Men like Varese, in his "Hyperprism" or "Arcane" or Bartok, in his "Piano-Concerto," where he uses percussion noises canonically, render a service by opening a wide field for investigation—although they arrive at nothing conclusive. If we had scales of percussion-sounds, with each "key" determined by some underlying quality, such as drum-sound, cymbal-sound, and so on, we could produce music through the conscious use of the melodic steps that would then be at the disposal of the composer. Perhaps this is one of the things music is coming to, and a new chemistry of sound will be the result.

HENRY COWELL.

Robert Henri

1865-1929

FEW men have contributed more definitely to the growth of a sound esthetic consciousness in America than Robert Henri. During our recent years of artistic self-discovery we have been indebted to a number of men who have inspired others with the ambition, like Virgil, of bringing the muse to their country. In literature, such a leader usually has little direct contact with his followers. But a painter is more likely to be working in a studio with other men, allowing a master to seize the brush from his fingers—or, if he is a teacher himself, demonstrating the evolution of a new concept before his pupils, brush in hand. Henri was not only a painter; he was a teacher, and probably the most remarkable instructor of painters that ever worked in America. He was so eager to free the creative impulse in other men and guide it towards its fulfillment that he sacrificed much of his own creative energy. For thirty years he lived and painted in America, working at first under the handicaps of professional convention and the indifference of patrons. But gradually he surrounded himself with a group of associates and life-long friends who were fostering modern art in the United States, and among them he was always the dominating figure. Although born in America, and an intimate part of American life, he never thought of himself as a distinctly American painter, nor did he imagine that art should have any obvious nationalistic character. In his essay, "My People," he said: "Always we would try to tie down the great to our little nationalism; whereas every great artist is a man who has freed himself from his family, his nation, his race. Everyone who has shown the world the way to beauty, to true culture, has been a rebel, 'a universal' without patriotism, without home, who has found his people everywhere, a man whom all the world recognizes, accepts, whether he speaks through music, painting, words, or form." If one doubts that a man who rejected national prejudices so completely could be an acknowledged leader of American art, one has only to observe his close associates: John Sloan, George Luks, Maurice Prendergast, William Glackens, and Arthur B. Davies—and his outstanding pupils: George Bellows, Rockwell Kent, Eugene Speicher. These names head the roster of genius in our contemporary painting, and not one among them would fail to acknowledge the authority of Henri's judgment or the unflagging spirit of his inspiration.

Henri arrived at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in the late eighties, when a young American student looked naturally towards Europe for his masters. Thomas Anshutz was one of his first instructors there and remained his life-long friend; but another man, of a finer genius, which Henri was among the first to recognize, had just left his post as instructor. This was Thomas Eakins, whose career covered much the same ground as his own. Henri saw the essential soundness of Eakins' art with the same intuition that drew him in his student days to the canvases of Winslow Homer. And throughout his life Henri remained a link between the pioneering courage of older men like Eakins, Homer, and Duveneck, and the younger generation to whom he transmitted their realism and sincerity of purpose. From Philadelphia he went to Paris, where he chafed under the academic dead hand. But he soon escaped, first to Finisterre where, working alone, he discovered his own esthetic personality, and then on a tour through France, Spain, and Italy. At the end of the nineties he came to New York, where the first independent art schools were being established. He plunged into work and soon became a teacher, and for almost thirty years held regular posts in one or another of the independent schools. During this time he had thousands of pupils, and his precepts were carried over the entire country. But he was equally energetic at his own easel and as a publicist for art.

His first recognition was won when "La Neige" was purchased at the Salon of 1899 by the French government for the Luxembourg. From that time, honors and awards came steadily. He never lost sight of the need for travel and contact with many types of people; and from his stays in Ireland, France, and the Southwest he brought back the "people"—as he called his portraits and character studies—and the landscapes that hang in scores of public and private galleries. His work on behalf of other artists was as enthusiastic as his own industry in the *atelier*. He battled long for the freedom of the exhibition room, and was among the first to advocate "No Jury" shows. When he died on July 12, his word was still an honored, living ideal throughout the country, from New Mexico to New England.

Henri's own paintings are not, at first glance, wholly impressive. They lack the cutting humor and satirical realism in the pictures of Sloan and Luks; they disdain the facility of Sargent, and Arthur Davies' mystical poetry is

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far removed from their plain candor. In the canvases of Bellows and Kent may be found a boldness and an interest in decorative factors which their master's very simple pictures lack. But it would be hard to find among our artists a greater lucidity, or a more vigorous expression of formal concepts, than in Henri's work. He did not arrive at his mastery of these problems overnight. His first work shows him still too much the admirer of Courbet, Manet, and the Impressionists; at another stage of his early career he was fascinated by Whistler—the "Young Woman in Black" is hardly more than an altered version of the "Rosa Corder"—and Whistler's outlook might easily have proved fatal to him. Even in some of his later canvases, such as the portraits of Ruth St. Denis, Roshanara, and Fay Bainter, a flair for theatrical artificiality asserted itself. But his knowledge of Rembrandt, Hals, and El Greco taught him to beware the domination of near-by artists. His studies of Irish, Chinese, and Spanish characters embody a realism of a profound and searching order, the product of an essential sympathy and a technique that attacked its object directly. Modern in his grasp of the importance of form and design, he worked within definite creative limits, but within them he maintained a genuine mastery.

Greater than his painting, however, was his teaching, and the patience and zeal of his instruction may be understood by any reader who goes to his book, "The Art Spirit," compiled in 1923 from his scattered essays and class-room notes. George Bellows once congratulated himself on having known, at the age of twenty-two, that "Henri was *good*," and that by realizing this fact he went for his early study to a man who was "immensely interested in what other men are doing, and his interest is absolutely genuine, more so than that of any other man I know." In the encouragement of younger men and the fostering of artistic freedom, Henri never failed. He realized the necessity of technique, but he made no courageous students its slave. He saw the need of experiment and revolution, but he never sanctioned mere idiosyncrasy. "A tree growing out of the ground is as wonderful today as it ever was. It does not need to adopt new and startling methods." He had learned to respect plain vitality in art, whether in Hals and Rembrandt or in Hogarth—"The head of fish girl. It is like the wind that blows!"—Daumier, or Toulouse-Lautrec; and he never failed to urge upon his classes the need of visual honesty of sincerity to the intentions of a picture, and of realizing the necessity of rich experience—the basis of all art. He won for himself the respect not only of his pupils, but of any man who came to know the inspiration of his personality and the beauty of his work. His place as a leader of artists will not be easy to fill.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

CORRESPONDENCE

Robbing the Sugar Bowl

SIR: In reading your recent editorial, "Robbing the Sugar Bowl," I am impressed by your evident desire to treat this subject fairly from the viewpoint of the consumer—a refreshing change from its ordinary treatment by the partisan press. For this reason I venture to call your attention to one slight error in your statements. You say: "The beet sugar farmers, who as a rule are unorganized, sell their beets at a price usually dictated by the factory. And a tariff increase in all probability will simply swell the profits of the factories rather than the farmer's income."

There was a time when the sugar beet farmers accepted a flat price for their beets and when this price was fixed by the sugar companies within the limits enforced by the competition of other crops, but that time is long past. Today the farmers in the principal beet-growing states are organized, and very effectively organized. The contract price paid to growers for sugar beets is made up of three elements: first, a guaranteed minimum price of $7 to $7.50 per ton; second, an additional amount based on the sugar content of the beets above a specified minimum; and, third, an additional sum in case the market price of sugar rises above six cents a pound. Thus any increase in the price of sugar is bound to be reflected in the price received by the farmer. Sugar is one of the few agricultural products on which a tariff increase can be counted upon to reach the farmer, because it is one of the very few such products that is largely imported.

It is a little difficult to reconcile two other statements in your editorial: first, that the increase in the tariff bill as passed by the House will add $150,000,000 a year to the country's yearly sugar bill; and second, that it will virtually force Cuba into bankruptcy. It is obvious that if the increase of sixty-four hundredths of a cent a pound is added to the selling price of 6,000,000 tons of sugar it will amount to $76,800,000 (not $150,000,000). But in that case it can hardly cause the ruin of Cuba, since the Cubans would receive the same price as formerly for their sugar. Conversely, if the Cuban producers paid the duty or absorbed it in their price, it could not be added to the price charged the consumer.

This is not intended as an argument for or against a tariff on sugar, but, as stated before, is brought to your attention merely in the interest of accuracy.

E. W. MAYO.
Editor, Facts About Sugar.

New York City.

[The New Republic is aware that the beet factories now make contracts with sugar growers based on the principle of the sliding scale. We are also aware that last year the Great Western Sugar Company, although it divided a 33 percent dividend, reduced the price paid to the farmer for beet sugar $1 a ton. The sugar-growing associations are at a bargaining disadvantage because many of their members have no *alternative* crop. There are so many stages between the actual growing of the sugar beet, its refining, and its final sale to the customer that it is difficult to believe that the American beet-sugar grower will receive more than a very small proportion of the benefit of any increase in the sugar duty, although his cost of living will be increased.

We see nothing inconsistent in our statement that an increased sugar duty will injure Cuba as well as the American consumer. The two results may not be simultaneous. In the beginning, the American consumer will pay the additional duty; the higher price within the tariff barrier, however, will probably encourage sugar production here and in our island possessions, until Cuba loses a large part, if not all, of the market in the United States. If this additional production is limited so that the protected price can be maintained, both Cuba and the American consumers will suffer. If it is not so limited, both Cuba and the American producers will suffer.—THE EDITORS.]

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"Authoritarian Ethics"

SIR: In a communication from Mr. Percy L. Clark, Jr., in your issue of July 17, the following dark saying appears: "If, as I am convinced, the position of the Catholic Church is totally untenable from any point of view other than their own, that of authoritarian ethics, the more it is brought into the light of general information, the sooner it will be completely discredited." I gather that it is the Catholic Church that is to be discredited, and this time (the billionth), on account of its connection with authoritarian ethics. Would Mr. Percy L. Clark, Jr., be good enough to tell us where he gets ethics that are not authoritarian?

PADRAIC COLUM.

New Canaan, Conn.

Public Utility Merger

SIR: Your open letter to Owen D. Young in the issue of July 17 indicates that your conception of the status of public utility companies in New York State is, in two important aspects at least, erroneous.

First: The merger of three non-competing companies does not carry with it the threat of increased prices to the consumer nor does it in any way affect the control of rates now exercised by the Public Service Commission of New York State. Second: These companies do not compete and do not operate parallel lines, so that whether they were merged or not at the time the state chose to develop any water power sites, there would be only one company in position to purchase and distribute the power developed at any particular site.

There has been a great deal of publicity given to the statement that public utility commissions are powerless to control large holding companies. This is, in a measure true; but it is not true, as you have assumed, that these companies have "an unregulated monopoly" or that their rates are any less subject to control than the rates of a small locally owned company. The Public Service Commission of New York has power to regulate the rates of the Northeastern Power Company and its subsidiaries and this power is in no way affected by the acquisition of the control of this company by the newly formed Niagara Hudson Power Company. The regulatory powers of the commission would otherwise remain unchanged if in turn a British investment trust were to acquire control of the Niagara Hudson Power Company. There may be a basis for argument as to whether large consolidations are desirable from a general social or economic standpoint, although the Government can probably exercise a greater influence in shaping the policy of utility companies through dealing with J. P. Morgan or the American Superpower Corporation than by trying to get twenty independent operating heads to see a particular policy in one and the same light. But whether one believes in these consolidations or not, it is important to keep in mind the fact that the regulation of rates is not affected thereby. If present statutes are adequate, they continue in force; if not, they can and should be amended, but their force and effectiveness is not diminished by the fact that control of the regulated company may have passed into other hands.

For the second point, a glance at a utility map will indicate that at very few points in the United States can power be produced and sold to more than one company without the construction of costly duplicate transmission lines. There has been only one customer for the power produced at Muscle Shoals. The Southeastern Power and Light System is the only group of companies whose lines pass the power site and this company has distributed all of the power produced at Muscle Shoals. The basis of price has been set by the government. It is ridiculous to think that even if the three large upstate New York companies were not merged, they would build parallel lines and compete for State power on the St. Lawrence, in the Mohawk Valley, or in the Adirondacks.

If the state cannot produce power at least as cheaply as the existing companies it is obvious that they should not make the attempt, so we can assume that the state will offer power to companies to produce their own power. The companies can refuse to buy only on the ground that the price is too high, which would be tantamount to an admission that the spread between their own cost and the price which they charged the customer was too great, an admission which could be made a valid basis for substantial rate reductions. Perhaps logical reasoning of this sort is too much to expect of a Utility Commission, but I hope not. That however is the crux of the whole situation: the ability of the commissions. If the fact that the power companies are gradually passing into stronger hands, who can command better operating brains and better legal talent, leads to an improvment in the personnel and ability of the commissions, everybody, including the power companies, will gain thereby.

The power companies have demonstrated their ability to make profits and at the same time to reduce rates. They are, naturally, doing their utmost to increase their current net revenues and they will voluntarily reduce rates only so fast as they believe will prove advantageous from the standpoint of their own profits; but if this reduction is not rapid enough, there are legal means already existing whereby the process can be accelerated. While the power bill is not a large item in the family budget, the function of the utility commissions is to see that it is kept at a reasonable figure and they should not rely solely upon the play of economic factors to keep the cost of current down. But the attempt to make political capital out of a merger of non-competing power companies shows a lack of real knowledge of present conditions in the industry. Ultimately the bankers sponsoring this Niagara Hudson merger will profit through savings to be made in overhead costs and through the possibility of financing extensions on a more economical basis; at present their profits are being contributed not by the consumer of power but by an obligingly enthusiastic and credulous army of stock buyers.

ARTHUR BESSE.

New York City.

[Mr. Besse's two points are both in error. First: A holding company which buys operating companies may use various methods to keep rates above the level which might otherwise obtain. It may cause the subsidiary companies to pay charges for service, management, etc., which inflate costs, but are beyond the scope of present regulation. It may similarly cause the owned properties to buy current wholesaled across the state lines, which is not subject to regulation. It is capable of financing a much stronger and more persistent struggle for higher rates, before commissioners and courts, than are the independent companies. That it often has a stronger incentive to do so may be inferred from the extremely high prices paid for the stock of the companies bought (as a result of competition among the holding company promoters). A topheavy structure of securities may be erected on the base of the operating properties, which the owning interests must protect. There have been hints that the prices paid for operating companies will be explicitly considered by the regulating authorities in fixing value as a rate base. If these prices are not explicitly considered, however, the great body of holding-company securities constitute an enormous vested property interest which is almost bound to influence the judgment of courts, if not of commissions. The present statutes and practices produce ineffective regulation even in dealing with independent operating companies, but the ineffectiveness is greatly enhanced by holding-company control. This fact is exemplified by the propaganda of the big interests against remedying the defects which exist.

Second: While it is true that independent operating companies do not usually compete with each other in the same territories, their possibly differing policies or efficiency cause comment and lead to pressure for improvment. The state would undoubtedly be in a stronger bargaining position in negotiating with such units for the sale of current, than in negotiating with a single monopoly.

Our objection is not to the existence of power mergers, but to some of their practices, and to the lack of adequate public control over them. Furthermore, if monopoly is an engineering economic necessity, there is a good deal to be said for its being publicly owned.—THE EDITORS.]

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The Count's Way

Creative Understanding, by Count Hermann Keyserling. New York: Harper and Brothers. 500 pages. $5.

The Recovery of Truth, by Count Hermann Keyserling. New York: Harper and Brothers. 647 pages. $5.

DURING Count Keyserling's sojourn in this country, much interest was shown in his personal peculiarities, and hardly any attention was paid to what he had to say. Those who were already acquainted with him through the "Travel Diary of a Philosopher" were nonplussed to find him a very different sort of person from the omniscient and leisurely traveler in metaphysics that they had pictured. The Count increased their bewilderment by failing to expound any definite philosophical system of his own such as they felt entitled to expect.

For this failure there was, of course, a very good reason. The Count hasn't any system. His originality consists in a new technique of thinking, or, better, a new attitude toward thought. "New" is a dangerous word, and this attitude is by no means unexampled under the sun, but Keyserling has developed it far more completely than anyone else. The closest parallel is to be found, not in philosophy, but in physics—in Einstein's Theory of Relativity. The similarity is tacitly acknowledged by Keyserling, for many of his metaphors are chosen from that field.

Relativity has been accurately described as "a search for the Absolute"; Keyserling, in the field of metaphysics, is engaged in a similar search. Like Einstein, he has found it necessary to emphasize the essential variability of all systems of coördinates, though with Keyserling these are, of course, not mathematical frames of reference, but dialects of thought, schools of philosophy, principles of logic. By means of these interchangeable frames, he insists, an unvarying spiritual content finds expression—or, rather, partial expression, for the spiritual content lies in a different dimension from any possible form of expression. It is as though a four-dimensional reality were forced to give an account of itself in a three-dimensional world.

Naturally, definitions of this ultimate reality are impossible. Keyserling calls it "sense-connection," by which he means a realm of significance. The similarity to Kant's "noumenal world" is apparent. But Keyserling refuses to stand hesitant upon the threshold. He plunges boldly over, dragging the reader with him. The proper center of existence, he says, is in the world of significance; and it is from that standpoint that one should survey the world of phenomena—including, of course, concepts, dogmas and philosophies no less than rocks and flowers and rainbows. This explains the concept of "distance" which plays an important part in the Count's teaching. One must never identify himself with any phenomenon: distance must be consciously maintained between the essential self and its means of expression, be the latter body, intellect or formula of faith.

Once this standpoint has been attained, it is theoretically possible to run the gamut of philosophies, understanding each in proportion to the depth of one's own being and conversely, using them all to further one's own understanding. Keyserling spent forty years in this exercise and then undertook his symbolic digression round the world. The results are given with some detail in the "Travel Diary."

Then came a change in the Count's attitude, coincidental with the World War. "That tendency of mine," he writes in the introduction to "Creative Understanding," "to apprehend the meaning of life changed into the desire to give it a new meaning." The result was the foundation of the School of Wisdom and the transformation of the Count into a man of "intense activity." He is assisting at the rebirth of the world. Just how titanic his struggles are is indicated by the sparks that fly (usually in two-volume format) from his high-ceiled study in Darmstadt.

In the two volumes under consideration the reader is introduced to the *modus operandi* of the School of Wisdom—at least in its more public aspect. "Everything one is wont to call 'education' today," says the Count, "misses the capital point: it imparts knowledge, but it does not inspire personal understanding; it develops efficiency, but it does not create a higher plane of being." The purpose of the School—indicated by its paradoxical name—is to remedy these defects.

It is easy to see from what has been said above that Keyserling denies ultimate authority to the intellect. (His attitude is that which we instinctively take toward works of art.) The intellect serves in the acquisition of knowledge. But knowledge is mere biological orientation: understanding is an immediate relation to the source of life. Hence understanding is necessarily creative.

Every child is a creative spirit. It possesses instinctive understanding. It is the task of the adult to regain, on a higher level, the spontaneous creative activity of the child.

It goes without saying that understanding in this sense cannot be taught. But the seeker may be helped. Keyserling attempts to do this by a "contrapuntal" discussion of important problems. He attacks each problem from opposed points of view, shows its insolvability on the phenomenal plane, and prepares the reader's spirit for an intuitive leap into the realm of significance where the phenomenal contradictions are resolved.

"Creative Understanding" deals chiefly with the problems of the individual. At first glance it may seem strange that a new technique of thought is necessary in order that the individual may discover his own significance. Psychoanalysis, however, has made it an open secret that we are rarely conscious of our real intentions. The intellect, evolved for any purpose rather than the discovery of truth, continually weaves pretexts before our deepest desires. Keyserling's intention is to outwit the intellect, to reduce it to the status of an instrument in the discovery of the place of the individual in his cosmic context.

"The Recovery of Truth" deals with more general problems: Necessity and Freedom, Life and Death, Man and Earth. In it Keyserling is engaged in restating eternal problems in terms of modern thought. "The entire problem of life," he says, "presents itself anew to every individual born into the world and every problem needs to be newly expressed, in keeping with the changing states of thinking man."

The results of this process of restating are many and interesting. Sometimes they are startling. More often, the reader is surprised to recognize beneath the formal and somewhat pompous phraseology of the Count the familiar voice of simple common sense. But rarely does the Count examine a question without throwing it into new and enlightening perspective, and his digressions (often to the reader's discomfiture) inevitably justify themselves.

On the subject of ethics he has this to say: "The real good can never be done otherwise than in the form of an unconditionally spontaneous act springing from the metaphysical essence." And: "I personally find the readiest and best illustration of hell in the conception of a moralistic community pursuing human welfare by means of compulsion."

These volumes represent, at the highest appraisal, a new conception of the world; at the lowest, the observations of an extremely gifted man.

DENVER LINDLEY.

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American History Revued

The Litany of Washington Street, by Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company. 121 pages. $3.

WHETHER by counsel from above, or just for a change, the Macmillan Company has done Vachel Lindsay's latest book proud. The covers are striped blue and white, with blue stars on the white, and white stars on the blue. The back is an Indian shade of red. This somewhat rigorous color-symbolism gathers fantasy from the end-papers, copied from some historical chintz or wall-paper. Here we see General Washington, looking as drunk as possible, in Bacchus' lop-wheeled chariot, whisked through a landscape of tobacco-plants, beavers, cherubs and cannon-balls by two pards and a couple of crazy Indians. The type is printed on the heavy glazed paper used in our school histories to stand the weight of cherry-tree stories and other patriotic moralities. The illustrations—well, see for yourself.

Naturally, one opens such a book anticipating novelties. The first paragraphs tell us of what sort. "This is a Gilbert Stuart sort of book" . . . it is "a work of the imagination, somewhat in the spirit of state house and court house and dollar bill mural paintings and engravings. It is somewhat in the spirit of the designs of special postage stamps. It is somewhat in the spirit of the best Fourth of July decorations and speeches, and the way patriotic people remember their heroes in fancy and in oratory."

From the above, the reader will understand that excerpts from the imagery of such a book would be misleading. The details of the designs on dollar bills or postage stamps, though perhaps significant in their interrelationship, are, when isolated, likely to be ridiculous. It is the whole design that counts. The details may be satirical or humorous, like the winged money-bags on the façade of St. Thomas': they do not make the structure itself either one or the other. So in this "Litany of Washington Street," though the incidents of its imagery are so novel, whimsical, and at their worst fanciful, the book as a whole is a serious success. It coins, for the first time I know of, an imaginative currency with which we, as Americans, can exploit the resources of our historical birth-right.

Washington Street crosses Main Street at right angles. Along "this great wooded and residential highway," drawn in imagination from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Washington ("The Great Red Indian Chief, White Horse"), Jefferson and Hamilton pass in cavalcade. In the towns, or aspirations if you will, along this way, one discovers Lincoln, Whitman, and even the Ancient Mariner-Fiddler of Springfield, Illinois. We are given front-row seats at a revue of our history—done in the spirit of dollar-bill engravings, call it that; but these dollars were dug, like the gold plates of Mormon, out of the hills of real imagination and real desire. . . .

Vachel Lindsay's art is first, pictorial; second, orchestral; and third, hortative. No critic, I believe, has done Lindsay justice because none has called attention to the almost hieroglyphic quality of his writings. If you could get paste on the back of his poems they would do for wall-paper, or a temple frieze. It is his happy preoccupation to make certain images common and natural to the American mind. Common images make for communal purpose; and communal purpose is common sense writ large. Lindsay's images are a help to "naturalize" more completely every citizen of the United States.

His orchestral method, which is still more of a passion than an accomplishment, is well illustrated in this last "Litany." The various passages, or movements, are held together by long quotations from Whitman which help keep the all-American atmosphere uninterrupted and tense. It is only when Lindsay, like the one-man orchestra, grabs at everything in sight, that his music becomes a little too sensational. In the excitement of the latter part of his performance he chimes in with Carl Sandburg, Harriet Monroe and Chinese dragons. These confuse his effect: they are hardly American history yet.

Hortatorily speaking, Lindsay is a dingbuster. All his images and all his orchestration are addressed to the springs of action. Neither our imaginations nor our rhythmic impulses can remain passive before the shock of his enthusiasm. There is some over-evangelicism in this. It is not for a moment denied that Lindsay, in his furor propheticus, sometimes beats the box instead the bible. It is only contended that as here in "The Litany of Washington Street," Lindsay has the imaginative force to throw the light of myth over a dog's-eared history. . . . Whether he can give his myth such dignity and ideal truth that it will come to be the common possession of enlightened Americans depends on the range of his art. So far, we can pronounce his attempt a unique success. Who else, in the name of Pocahontas, dreams of rescuing our national heroes from the sleep of sentimentality or the death of factualism? Who else could write a history-book like this, Star-Spangled all over, which yet leaves its readers with so thrilling, tingling an aftermath in the belfries of the brain?

SCHUYLER JACKSON.

Economic Democracy

Die Wirtschafts-demokratie, by Bruno Rauecker. Berlin: Sieben Stäbe Verlag. $.75.

FOR half a century the fundamental defect of the European social-democratic movement has been that it has been more or less tied to the doctrines of Karl Marx. Only minorities were ready to throw these doctrines overboard or explain them away. The social-democratic movement throughout the Continent became broader and more practical from year to year, but still its doctrinaire basis remained intact, and it was difficult for unbiased liberals and progressives to admit that the future could belong to political parties of this narrow sectarian sort. Revisionism of the old doctrine, which began a quarter of a century ago, could not suffice. A new and broader and more flexible doctrine was needed. And now, after a generation of wating, it seems that this doctrine has at last appeared.

The German Social-Democratic party, again as dominant as ever on the Continent, is now entirely in the hands of the labor unions. And the last biennial congress of the German unions devoted itself mainly to the subject of "economic democracy," presenting this as the basis, the method and the goal of socialism! The result of their labors is issued in a small volume *("Wirtschaft-demokratie")*, edited by twelve of Germany's most distinguished Socialist scholars and labor-union leaders, assisted by half a dozen others even more eminent, such as Finance-Minister Hilferding and Theodore Leipart, President of the German Trade Union Federation and also of the Trade Union International.

This volume shows that German Socialist thought is moving closely parallel to the thought of the British La-

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borites and advanced Liberals and to the similar thought in America, as consistently put forth or endorsed by the American Federation of Labor. The German editors expressly recognize the parallel in all three cases. While, of course, Marx is not denied, "Socialism" is now defined in a way that must be acceptable to every militant pro-labor democrat, as "an economic order and a new social structure, the details of which we cannot yet know, but the fundamental principles of which can be known by the evolutionary tendencies of our present economic life. On this foundation will be built many different forms of social structure." Surely there is nothing dogmatic about this! Then as to the definition of economic democracy: "Economic democracy on one side is a form of democracy, the completion of political democracy, on the other side a form of economic constitution in opposition to economic autocracy." Economic autocracy is the power of capital not only over Labor, the consumer and production, but also over the State.

The German laborites do not claim to have extracted this line of thought from Karl Marx. On the contrary, they attribute it to England and America. The idea of economic or industrial democracy, they say, was introduced into England over thirty years ago by Sidney Webb. "But it was much later, after the War, when this concept began to acquire its present and greater importance, first in the Anglo-Saxon countries and then in Germany." This was no accident, they say, since the new idea was a result of the greater experience of the former countries with both political democracy and economic autocracy. "It was almost a natural necessity, that in that country whose labor movement was farthest from Socialist ideas, the United States, the program of social-democracy should also be put forward and that in this program the idea of economic democracy should play the leading role."

German Labor lists present-day tendencies towards economic democracy under twelve heads. Not only is non-Marxian British Labor in accord with every one of these, but the new British Liberalism, several times referred to in this volume, accepts nearly all of them, as does also American Labor. The most important of these tendencies, as exemplified in Germany, are: (1) the establishment of an equal legal status for Labor; (2) an increasing share for Labor in the rising product of industry; (3) the extension of the powers of the legally established shop councils; (4) the representation of Labor on all public economic bodies; (5) institution of a public body for the control of all monopolies (not merely public utilities)—this body to have power to obtain publicity and to supervise prices; (6) extension of government-owned and operated enterprises, especially in the field of public utilities; (7) reform of Germany's "socialized" industries, such as coal and potash mining, to give Labor (now represented along with other interests) a larger voice in the governing bodies.

The German editors refer to the official British Liberal "Inquiry into Industry," edited by Keynes and others (with an introduction by Lloyd George). A reading of this volume shows that even the Liberals of Great Britain (no doubt driven by the Labor party) are now ready to travel practically all of this road and are even consciously aiming at all the economic democracy they think there is any present chance to obtain.

This program is also closely parallel to the position taken on all these questions by American Labor. For example, the Pan-American Federation of Labor is on record as standing for "the extension of democracy in industry" and for the principle that "self-government by a free people and self-government in industry are one and identical." Nobody, moreover, has attacked industrial autocracy more frequently or aggressively than Samuel Gompers. Nor is there any point of the above program that has not been repeatedly endorsed by the American Federation of Labor (except the last, referring solely to Germany).

This book, then, marks not only a revolution in the international Socialist movement, but the possible beginning of a new democratic internationalism. Not only Germany, England and America, but all modernized democratic nations, are thinking along these lines, and once antiquated doctrines are laid aside, or subordinated, the possibilities of coöperation seem almost unlimited.

WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING.

Jewish Music

Jewish Music, in Its Historical Development, by A. Z. Idelsohn. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 534 pages. $6.

THIS is the first authoritative account of Jewish music that has so far appeared in English; and if, in certain respects at least, Professor Idelsohn has failed to make his book all that it might be, it is largely because he has not shirked the issue with the amazing mass of miscellaneous material from all over the word, which has accumulated in printed MSS. and oral sources during the last three thousand years or so.

In a very heroic fashion he has gone straight to the actual musical material itself. This he has already done to some extent before (in various articles, and presumably in his "History of Jewish Music" in Hebrew, the first volume of which appeared in 1924), and in doing so, has made use of the tremendous amount of synagogue music and folk song he himself has collected from first-hand sources in all parts of the world. This he first recorded by phonograph, then transcribed into staff notation, and finally published in his remarkable "*Hebraisch-Orientalischer Melodienschatz.*"

The book itself is divided into three parts, in which the first is concerned with synagogue music and the second with folk song, while the third treats its subject, "The Jew in General Music," so cursorily that it might as well have been omitted altogether. The first section is the longest and most interesting, and traces the history of synagogue music from early Biblical times right up to the most recent developments in Europe and America. In each period the influence of local or contiguous folk song is carefully considered. In the Old Testament period, that of Egypt, Phoenicia, Assyria and Babylon; that of the Greeks after the destruction of the Second Temple; that of Arabia after the rise of Islam; in Europe, that of Germanic folk song on the music of the Ashkenazic Jews; that of Spain and Africa on the Sephardic and Moroccan Jews, and that of Poland, Ukrainia and Lithuania on the Jewish communities of eastern Europe.

The folk-song section is to a large extent overshadowed by the first, as the interrelation between sacred and secular music is much more intimate and continuous in the case of the Jews than it is in that of any other nation. After the destruction of the Second Temple all instrumental and secular music was forbidden, and only at weddings was a dispensation granted. It was here that the *badchorim* (merrymakers) and *klezmorim* (music-makers) got their

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only (legitimate) opportunity. Even here, when things got a little too hectic, a dish would be thrown in front of the bride and groom to remind them forcibly of the Destruction. But occasionally the *badchorim* got away with it, as the following translation from part of an Ashkenazic wedding song will show:

> I have drunk all week
> And spent all my possessions.
> One has to know how to rejoice,
> How to praise God.

(Incidentally, Professor Idelsohn probably underestimates the importance of the few such vicarious fragments he chooses to consider.)

The chief defect of the book is that it is often very hard for the reader to see the wood, and sometimes difficult even to distinguish the trees. But this, after all, is pioneer work, and the endless ramifications of the subject are despairingly awkward to trace and still more awkward to coördinate. One of Professor Idelsohn's most original contributions is his discussion of the evolution of the Jewish modes and scales, and his interesting insistence on a system of "motives" peculiar and proper to each. But his differentiation between the various modes he enumerates is far from clear, and a table of typical "motives" from one or other of the modes would have helped the reader to an understanding of a very subtle and interesting point. As it is, one's chief impression is that the writer is very sure about it himself.

And while he is rightly concerned with the preservation of the original Semitic-oriental tradition as far as possible, he devotes a preponderating amount of space to a discussion of the western, or German branch of the Ashkenazim, whose synagogue and folk music alike are admittedly more modified by outside influences than those of any other. It would surely have been more interesting, and certainly more in the spirit of his own professed predilections, to have concentrated on the purer tradition in the music of the Jews in eastern Europe.

And his curt dismissal of the medieval Jewish writers on music, who were "influenced by astrology and attributed musical inspiration to the stars and planets," is probably unjustified. After all, a similar obsession is eventually found behind nearly all oriental music, and the whole subject is crying out for an intelligent and unprejudiced study. And, in any case, it is for scholars and specialists like Professor Idelsohn to investigate and present "the references to music in medieval philosophic literature," even if to him they are "nothing more than a mere continuation of the philosophical interpretations of the Greek philosophers, exaggerated by the sophistic and scholastic fantasy of the medieval dreamers"—and give the student at least an opportunity to judge for himself.

In treating this early evidence so cavalierly, Professor Idelsohn has probably missed the clue to the strange problem of Chassidic song, and probably the clue to his own unconscious predilections as well. (Chassidic song is the music of a mystic Jewish sect, founded in the middle of the eighteenth century, who set piety above learning, and looked on music as a "symptom" of the devotional state. Their song has little to do with the pure synagogue tradition, is very intense and complicated and is largely inspirational and extemporaneous.) If he had seriously investigated this early evidence at first hand, he might have stumbled on something which would have thrown a peculiar light on the fundamental mystery of this amazing music.

JEFFREY MARK.

For King or Kirk

Montrose, by John Buchan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 385 pages. $5.

FIRST and foremost, this is a book about fights and fighters. It could not well be included in the long list of Mr. Buchan's writings and be anything else.

It may be assumed that but few readers of The New Republic are interested in military history; but to argue from that fact that this book may be tiresome is a *non-sequitur*. For it is Mr. John Buchan writing, a gentleman of rare parts and literary skill, who at his best is the peer of Stevenson and Scott. In one respect, indeed, Mr. Buchan has no equal. He can write a book about a map and make that map a living thing. One has but to read "The Dancing Floor" or "Hunting Tower" to note this strange gift of geographic realism. In his life of Montrose this unusual gift may be seen at its best.

Mr. Buchan's voluminous "History of the War," exclusively military though it is, holds our attention. But more thrilling by far is this story of James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, that handsome and poetic Scot who conquered Scotland for King Charles as the latter lost England. The scale of warfare being smaller, the picture is the more realistic. The days of the Iliad come back once more; long is the list of the heroes; black is the fate of the traitor; imperishable is the renown won at Inverlochy, Tippermuir and Kilsyth.

Montrose, who "did not drug his soul with easy loyalties," is torn between his duty to the Kirk—he is a good Covenanter—and his belief that Scottish freedom is threatened by ecclesiastical tyranny at home quite as much as by the royal obstinacy of the King. The times permit of no fair equipoise between opposing factions, and Montrose is driven by thrust of circumstance into the Stuart camp, there to play a leading role in the civil wars to follow.

The slow growth of a determination thus to act is well described. Not quite as apt is the account of the theological controversies of the period. The latter have thus far baffled the penetrating skill of all historians. The just and perfect balance, the true analysis of these most troubled times, is not yet written. One should, therefore, not expect to find a complete and impartial picture of them here. When Mr. Buchan says of Calvin that he is closer in certain respects to Catholicism than to Luther, we frankly do not know what he means. His attack on the Scottish divines also appears somewhat harsh. "They perverted the Gospel into a thing of conundrums. . . . They magnified their office until they hedged themselves about with a bastard divinity." And doubtless this was so. But that the Kirk, despite its uncouth and harsh appearance, stood more for the rising middle class than Mr. Buchan indicates, we are willing to believe.

Intellectually, Mr. Buchan stands head and shoulders above the average membership of his Tory party in the House of Commons. Something of his philosophy of conservatism may be found in this book, his love of realism, his scorn of theory, over-finely spun, his love of action and of danger. Just why a conservative should be more fond of action and of danger than a liberal or radical, the writer of this review has never been able to discover. Such, one suspects, is Mr. Buchan's belief. Nevertheless, there are no fat complacencies in this book. It may be recommended highly as good literature and good history.

WALTER PHELPS HALL.

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Vegetarian Goliaths

Make Everybody Rich, by Benjamin A. Javits and C. W. Wood. New York: B. C. Forbes Publishing Company. 300 pages. $3.50.

A DECADE and more ago, when economic radicals climbed aboard the capitalist bandwagon, one looked for their peace of mind to be upset by internal disturbances, chiefly of a Freudian nature, or wrote them off the ledger of decent human beings altogether. By and large they were—shall we be blunt?—a lousy lot. Having seen the light they renounced its brightness and headed for a coal cellar.

Today the case is not so clear. The coal cellar is still dingy enough, but suddenly full of fireflies—"the economy of high wages," "purchasing power must be maintained," "fatigue is costly," "safety first," "the five-day week." In the year 1922, in short, American business began to go crazy, and has been getting crazier and crazier ever since. Crazy, that is, measured by the standards which had prevailed since the first Watt engine began to pound. Mass production was at the bottom of it, mass production, the restriction of immigration, and a great host of new machines which could not be fired when demand fell off, but went on consuming overhead expense. More markets, more purchasing power, more volume at lower unit costs became the cry. And into the discard went the Forsyte traditions of "all the traffic will bear," and "the lower the wages the bigger the profit." Not universally, God knows, but here and there throughout the industrial structure, business men, with Ford at their head, began to turn the accepted hallowed and immemorial folkways of industry upside down—caving in the neat perpendiculars of the doctrine of the Class Struggle as they labored.

C. W. Wood, as prickly a Red as ever hurled paper bombs at Wall Street, was one of the first to note the alarming symptoms in his sworn enemy. With honesty and courage he faced the facts and put the spitballs back in his desk. Evans Clark followed a parallel road. Benjamin Javits, a lawyer with a pinkish glow, now comes over to the new gospel of business as a potential redeemer. Indeed, sometimes I watch the fireflies with a sort of hypnosis myself, as Dr. Horace Taylor makes them dance in luminous circles. Briefly, the radical who goes sour today may be a fool and a coward, or he may, like Messrs. Javits and Wood, be intelligent and honest. More pragmatic, if you like, but no less devoted to the abolition of poverty and the welfare of mankind. Personally I cannot share the authors' optimism, which leads them to believe in the complete conversion of business to its announced ideals —my left hand, at least, is still full of spitballs—but I would be the dreariest bigot if I did not realize that something fundamental has happened to important segments of the business structure, and that mass production, duly controlled, promises more in the way of tangible goods than all the pre-war socialist programs ever heard of. . . . Goods, mind you, not necessarily the good life.

What our authors are after is that due control, and it is a commendable quest. They want to make everybody rich; they want to raise even the submerged tenth above the poverty line forever; they want to banish unemployment, long hours, and evil working conditions. This they hope to do by taking the new slogans at their face value—say, "the economy of high wages"—and working *with* business rather than against it. Specifically they would amend the anti-trust laws, allow combinations and integrations because such combinations, under the new principles, would not necessarily be in restraint of trade, but rather, on the big-volume-low-unit-cost theory, in expansion of trade. Properly regulated, they need not be feared, while the vast economies to be achieved by the elimination of the waste of competition might drastically decrease prices. Mr Javits has drafted the specific wording of the amendments permitting combinations and monopolies when they are in the public interest. An enlarged and more representative Federal Trade Commission, with labor men and economists on the board, is empowered to make searching investigations and determine whether such consolidations are in fact in the public interest; to act as a coördinating body for the nation, after the manner of the late lamented War Industries Board, or the Russian Gosplan.

If all business men were Owen D. Youngs or even Henry Fords, one could imagine no straighter road to the abolition of poverty. Alas, they are not. There are still a few southern cotton-mill owners in the picture. But our authors have dared the business structure to put up or shut up; to make "prosperity" a living body rather than a spotted ghost; to render some of the "service" that is such a favorite topic at annual conventions. It is a meet and timely challenge, and one that I shall watch with interest. I wish them all success, but I hope they will forgive me if I am still just a little shy of Goliaths who give up raw meat for salads.

STUART CHASE.

Myopic Maidens

See How They Run, by Helen Grace Carlisle. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

HAD this book been published five years ago, everyone would have said, despairingly, "The New Writing." And under their breath, "Horrors!" Since it is the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-nine, we read "See How They Run" and think, "Give me a cozy, nature-loving person like Swinburne," or else we hail Miss Carlisle as the final word in undiluted realism. However, undiluted realism, which usually means a naked discussion of sex, is growing as stale and unpalatable as the live-happily-ever-after movie. If Swinburne is too esoteric, we could be happy with Burgess' Bedtime Stories. Anything for a breath of air!

Miss Carlisle's book is built on the time-honored thesis of three girls who go wrong, trying to go right. Olivia—who is, one feels, symbolic of that awesome abstraction: strength through suffering—wants to be an actress, to bring beauty and truth into many lives. But instinctive aloofness separates her from the humanity she wishes to serve. In order to become one with her fellow men—a sad notion—she takes unto herself Jack, a broad-shouldered, narrow-hipped god of a taxi driver. This was unsatisfactory, as was Martin, her fiancé from Harvard. Olivia overcomes the lusts of the flesh—a bit tardily—and recognizes that in her loneliness lies her strength. She attains the ivory tower by devious routes, and strange. Rose is Olivia's disciple. She wants to be a poet, an actress, anything creative of beauty. She is a normal eighteen-year-old girl whom circumstance placed in an abnormal situation. Her flamboyant idealism is uncontrolled by education or parental guidance. She is drunk on the spoken word. And so she is betrayed via her eager credulity; then self-loathing; and finally, irrevocably lost. Mary Elizabeth, the third in this trio of descending discords, was raised genteelly and can't escape it. A longing (tacitly frowned

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upon by Miss Carlisle) for security and respectability results in a middle-class, doweried marriage with a Frenchman. And that is that.

The wonder is that the author has been able to make a breath-taking book out of such mildewed material. Miss Carlisle's gifts are those of directness, penetration and passion. Her chief failing is her lack of humor, which occasionally leads her into wondrous absurdities. She writes in a telegraphic style—there are no sentences and only infrequent punctuation. The effect on the reader is that of being hit by hurtling objects. Her phrases are simple, sometimes repetitious in their staccato jerkiness. They have a pattern not unlike the design of folk songs: verse and refrain, verse and refrain. In this way her writing becomes painfully insistent; hypnotic because of its jarring but distinct rhythms. There are, unfortunately, lush spots where Miss Carlisle has indulged herself in abstractions. On the whole, however, the style is incredibly successful.

On the face of it, the three girls would appear to be sticky, cheerless misfits. Miss Carlisle has managed to invest them with a certain futile splendor. They are interesting, pathetic, vaguely appealing because of the author's prejudice in their favor. Without her sympathy and detailed, lucid analysis, they would seem only pathetic, because of the dreary defeat which awaits people congenitally unequipped to win. As one reads, one begins to believe in them—annoyingly enough, to grow fond of them. Miss Carlisle is convincing. She has made this book harsh and powerful, ugly and alive. One may like it or not—of its kind it is superior. Miss Carlisle's literary sisters under the skin—the modern, sex-absorbed, man-contemptuous ladies—had best look to their laurels. For beside her they are all ugly ducklings.

MARTHA GELLHORN.

Color on the Map

Combing the Caribbees, by Harry L. Foster, New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 302 pages. $3.

HARRY L. FOSTER, like many travel writers, has more of a talent for traveling than for writing; yet in spite of its high school style, "Combing the Caribbees" is an entertaining account of Guadeloupe, Martinique, Trinidad—and those other islands one is never quite able to keep straight. Mr. Foster, for the sake of copy, misses his steamer in Basse Terre, Guadeloupe, and when it turns out that there is not going to be another, he gets more copy than he bargained for. His pursuit of his luggage leads him on tramp steamers through seedy little ports, with their deserted fortresses, their flavor of pirates and old imperial wars. Place names likes Pointe-a-Pitre, Fort de France, Bridgetown, associate themselves with highly colored descriptions and settle in the reader's mind.

Half the book is devoted to Haiti, where, since the recent publications of "Black Majesty" and "The Magic Island," we are on more familiar ground. It is interesting to contrast Mr. Foster's offhand references to Voodooism with the elaborate gooseflesh created by Mr. W. B. Seabrook. Mr. Foster, if he is not so dramatic, is at any rate conscientious, and the sights and sounds and incidents of Haiti—the gossip, the historical background—emerge in well arranged chapters. If it is not an important book, it is at least color on the map—and it is often more profitable not to be bored than to consume a treatise.

E. V. F.

George Borrow, by Samuel Milton Elam. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 139 pages. $3.

AT the age of twenty-two Mr. Elam has written a book that was needed and will last. His picture of Borrow is short and readable. He handles accurately the important facts of an interesting life. Let us begin with the book's faults by saying that it is a little too acidulous and at times somewhat cheap. Those who like their "Bible in Spain" will be irritated. Mr. Elam belittles Borrow. "The Bible in Spain" is the only book by Borrow which he is willing to call literature. Even at that he is disturbed by its lies. One will find the same shortcomings in writers of this school from Chateaubriand to Trader Horn but, oh, how rarely the same virtues. Mr. Elam might easily have devoted at least one page to the grandeur of Borrovian romance. On the other hand we have here a concise and well thought-out picture—even if not a gracious one—of the man who called himself a gipsy and really was a vagabond; who called himself a philologist and really was a capable linguist; who called himself a Christian and really was a consistent deist. More kindness and less flippant ridicule would have served the purpose better. But it is a consistent book and better than most of its kind written today.

C. A. C.

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